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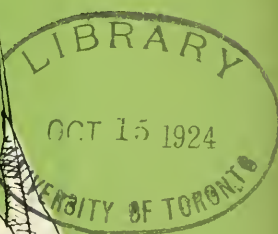
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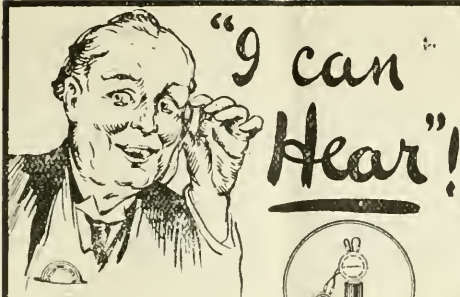
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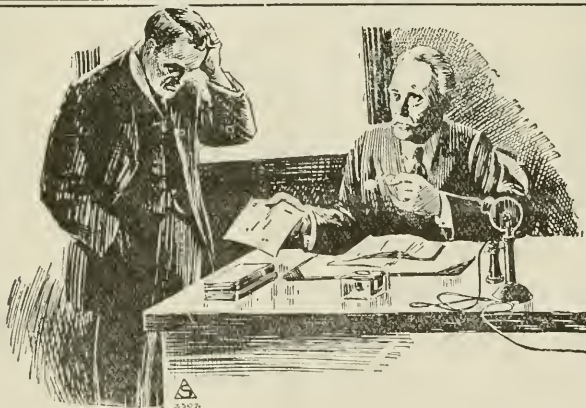
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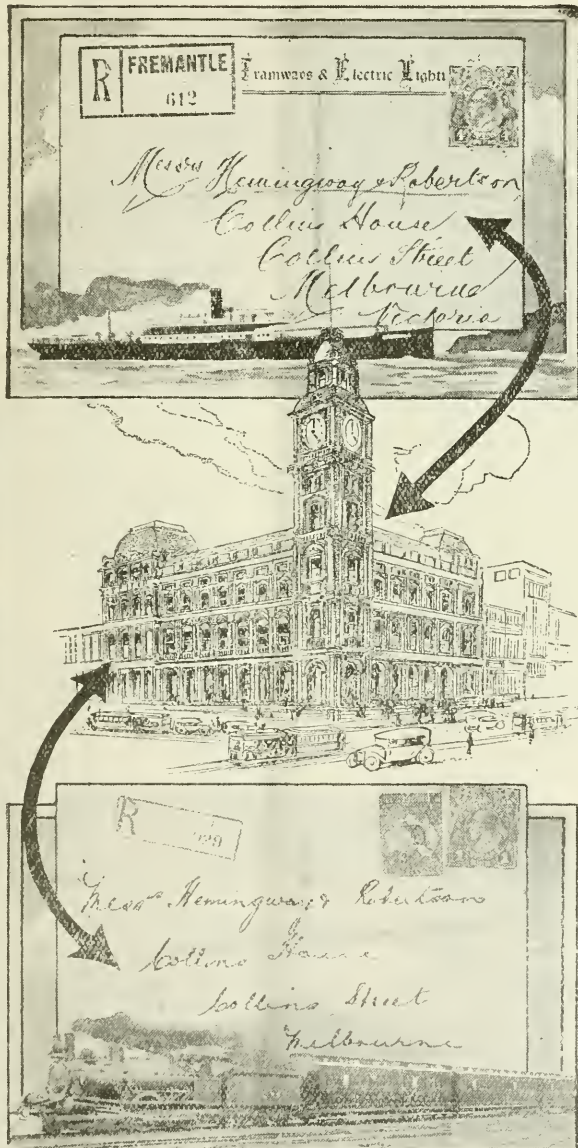
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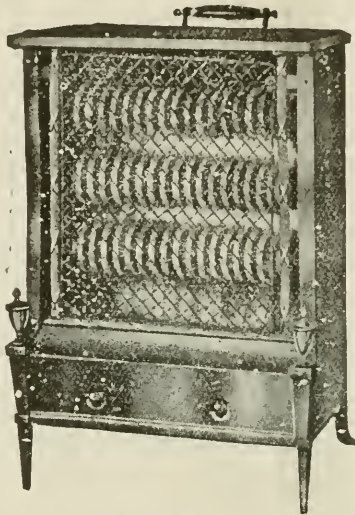
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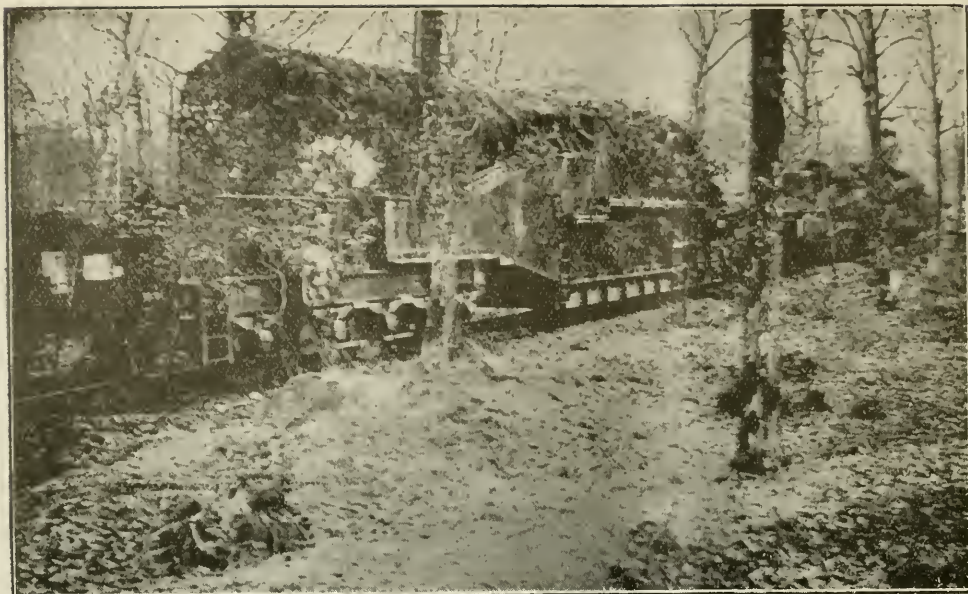
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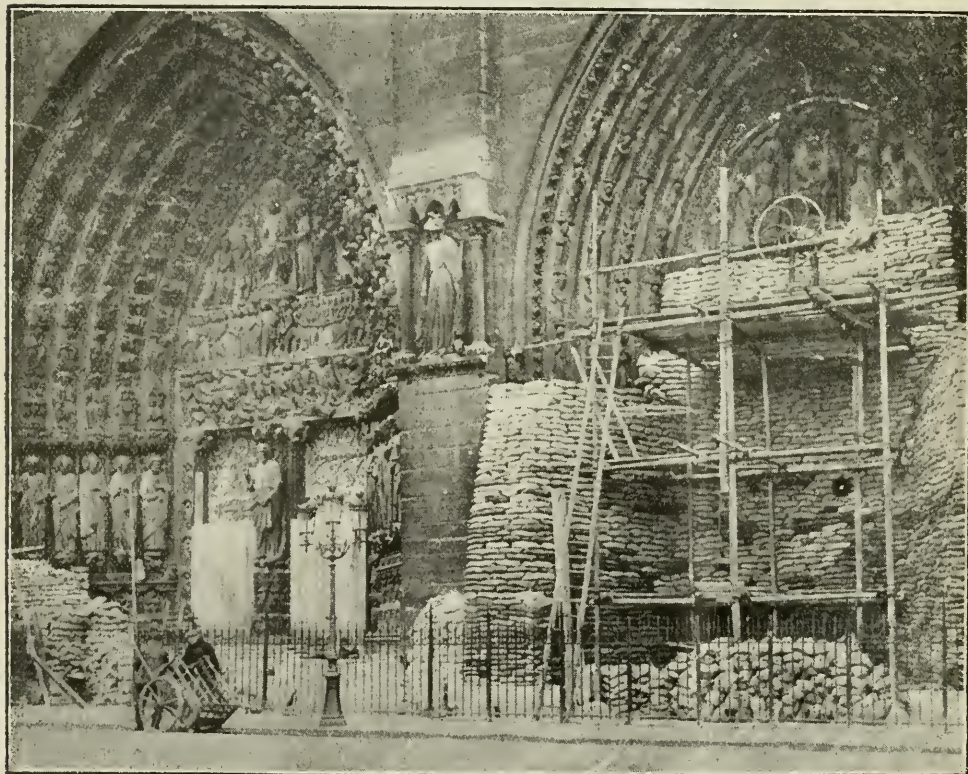
THE SURRENDER OF JERUSALEM, ON DECEMBER 9th, 1917.

The only photograph taken of the surrender shows the Mayor of Jerusalem, with walking stick and cigarette, and white flag party, meeting the first British outpost.

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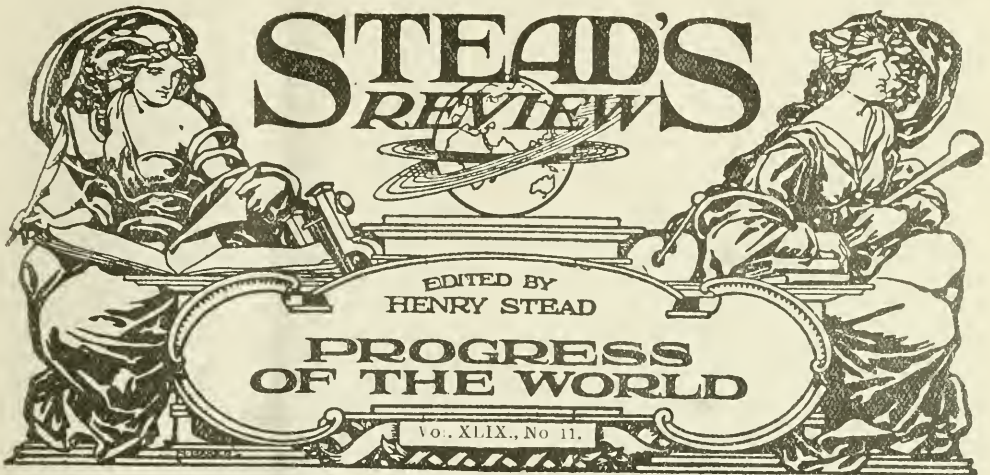


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HOW NOTRE DAME, PARIS, IS PROTECTED.

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MAY 25, 1918.

"Damnable Nonsense."

"We used to talk a lot of nonsense about defeating the Boche, but Brother Boche has come and knocked this kind of damnable nonsense out of us." The speech, in which the above sentence occurred, was in many ways a most remarkable one. Delivered by the only military member of the Supreme War Cabinet, it carries especial weight. General Smuts went on: "The enemy will come within an ace of victory, but will not secure it because their cause is wrong. The situation will be most anxious for many days to come; *but even if the last British soldier were driven out of France*, the Germans would still not have won, because they must win both on sea and land."—"I do not believe that an out-and-out victory is possible for any group of nations," he continued. "I consider that we have fought to a stage when the enemy is now ready to consider and concede terms."

Discuss Peace, but Continue Fighting.

In another pregnant sentence he further indicated his approval of the doctrine that peace proposals should be carefully weighed and considered whilst fighting,

and war preparations continue unabated. Peace will not suddenly drop from the clouds as so many unthinking people seem to imagine. He said: "It would be a most dangerous thing to go to a Peace Conference before we know the principal terms to be considered. The Government will do its duty, knowing what we are fighting for. The Conference which will ultimately be called will settle the details after the principal combatants have agreed on the main issues." Added importance is given to this speech of the gallant Boer General when we look back over the files, for we find that he has again and again been made the mouthpiece of the British Government. He is in a peculiar position, being a much freer agent than any of the other members of the War Cabinet, and it has thus come about that he has often been able to indicate the mind of the Cabinet without committing it definitely to anything. His speeches have been more fully cabled out to Australia than those of any other statesmen save Lloyd George, and he was selected to visit Switzerland recently to represent the British Government in unofficial pourparlers with Austria which came to nothing. Mr. Arthur Balfour declared in Parliament: "If any belligerent seriously

desired to put forward any proposals we would deal with them in full confidence with our Allies," and Mr. Asquith, in the course of the same debate—on the Austrian Peace proposals—commenting on Mr. Balfour's statement, said: "It would greatly satisfy the world at large that the British Government closed no door to any overtures or approaches towards an honourable peace."

A New Attitude.

How different are these remarks to those we formerly heard to the effect that the only way to counter the German "peace drive" was to utterly refuse to consider any proposals whatever! From no higher standpoint than that of our own interest it is necessary to carefully consider all enemy peace offers. A deliberate declaration that we will never be caught in this way, plays straight into the hands of the militarists of Germany who can assure their people that the Allies are so determined to crush them that they will not even contemplate ending the war on any other terms. If the hostile overtures are examined and found impossible, then the enemy bluff is called. If they show that the enemy are indeed in earnest, then the matter can be carried further. The disclosures made before the Senate Sub-Committee in Paris showed, of course, that peace negotiations may easily be going on without the general public knowing anything at all about the matter.

The Expected German Offensive.

The situation on the western front remains as it was when last I wrote. The anxiously awaited German offensive has not materialised, and the news concerning operations in France and Flanders shows that no big movement is yet being attempted by either side. Cables tell of insignificant raiding "stunts" only, showing that nothing but sparring is going on at present. In fact, the cables recently have been devoted more to speculation as to why the enemy offensive has not begun than to accounts of actual fighting. The Germans have no particular need to hurry. At the same time the longer they delay the stronger our defences should become. Whilst Allied High Command must be fully aware of the movement of enemy troops and the probabilities of an early offensive, the public is, as usual, uninformed on the matter. To prove that we need only read the newspapers for the first three weeks of March, when it was freely suggested that the whole

threat of a German offensive was a gigantic bluff and that the enemy had not the slightest intention of ramming their heads against the stone wall of Allied defences. But the Germany commanders flung their forces against us at La Fere, and quickly advanced almost 40 miles in the Somme sector. Yet, forgetting the assurances we had previously been given concerning the offensive being nothing but a bluff, we were now told that Sir Douglas Haig had all along been perfectly aware of the German concentrations, and was fully prepared to meet the attack just where it was launched. Yet the enemy managed to get through, and once having done so were able to outflank our strongest positions north of St. Quentin, and compel our troops to fall back in order to keep in touch with the army which had been forced to retire from La Fere.

Bend, But Not Break.

I have just recapitulated this in order to show that the Germans are not likely to unduly hurry themselves, because they fear the delay will give us time to make our front impenetrable. We had ample time to make it so before, and no doubt it was immensely strong, but instead of attempting to launch a great attack against the whole of it, the enemy concentrated on a single spot, compelled its defenders to retire, and then pouring through, outflanked troops on the battle line to the north and south. No doubt they hope to repeat the same operation again. To succeed there must be immense secret concentration opposite a single sector, and general attack along the entire line. If the sector is forced, then the position of troops to north and south is imperilled, and they are obliged to fall back. Last March, despite their great advance, the enemy after all did nothing more than bend back our line, they failed to fracture it anywhere, and one would have little fear of any future offensive were it not for the fact that the sea is now so near and that our communications may be cut by a comparatively slight advance. The danger of a break through is very slight, but the danger from a bend back is very great. In this connection the comments of Major-General Maurice are particularly valuable. He has long supplied the world with the official account of military happenings each week as "A High Military Authority." Since his dismissal from the Army he has been writing highly interesting articles on the war situation for *The Daily Chronicle*.

Weakness of Communications.

Dealing with the situation in France, he said: "The weakness of the British position lay in the fact that their communications ran parallel with the front, instead of at regular intervals straight from the front to the base, as is the case with the German position. . . . A successful German attack at any point of the line threatens the communications of the whole British front. This makes it difficult to give ground voluntarily in order to establish a better front." When the Germans retired in 1917 they were able to fall back thirty miles without uncovering any vital communications whatever; but, says the General, "We can nowhere give a third of that distance on the Amiens front without grave inconvenience. This is what Sir Douglas Haig meant when he said, 'We are fighting with our backs to the wall.'" That clear statement by the former Director of Military Operations completely shatters the arguments of those who, as we fell back, asserted that our retirement being along our lines of communication, made everything easier for us, whilst the Germans, advancing so rapidly, would require months to create the communications required before another great offensive could be launched. The idea was, of course, that our communications were shortened, and those of the enemy lengthened, and that was a sound enough assertion, providing our communications ran eastwards from the sea. That, we now learn, they do not, but run north and south, just behind our front. It may be, of course, that this serious state of affairs is being altered as rapidly as possible, but obviously to entirely reorganise our system of communications is a long and difficult business. As things were, a week ago, when Maurice wrote, the enemy only required to thrust forward ten miles in order to reach a position which would enable them to seriously threaten, if not cut, our main lines of communication along which supplies, reinforcements, and war material for the giant armies in France are at this moment passing. Thus we are forced to the conclusion that we cannot afford to have our line considerably bent at any point without endangering our whole position in France.

Why Maurice is Hopeful.

General Maurice endeavours to reassure us, however, by pointing out that although the position is cramped we are in a better

situation to meet an attack now than we were on March 21st, when the German offensive began. The reasons which prompt him to think so are that we now have a unified command, and that although we have had heavy losses, the enemy's have been greater. This last fact, though, does not afford much comfort, as it is not the actual losses that matter so much as the available reinforcements. Our experience of German methods during the struggle must convince us that under no circumstances whatever will the enemy be tempted to set out on a great enterprise until absolutely prepared. They leave nothing to chance. Unfortunately, and if they consider it necessary to make more formidable preparations for the next offensive than they did for the last, regard it imperative to concentrate greater forces than ever before as the defences they will have to meet will be still stronger, we may be quite certain that they are preparing more formidably, are getting together greater forces, and will not begin the offensive until the last cannon is in position, the last man in place, and the last provision waggon on the road. We are now told that the offensive is to begin on June 1st. It may easily begin before that.

American Effort.

The American papers afford most interesting reading just at present, because the doings of the United States are vital to the success of the Allies. Looking back over the last twelve months we are forced to the conclusion that the Americans themselves are rather disappointed at what has been achieved, but that is only because, like ourselves, they had been led to expect much more than it was humanly possible for anyone to accomplish. Here and there critics are arising who assert that our cousins across the Pacific should have done more than they have accomplished, should already have delivered that great aerial fleet, should already have a vast army in France, should already have turned out millions of tons of ships. Now those who grumble in this fashion can have no real conception of the terrific difficulties the Americans have had to face—and overcome. It is now perfectly clear that no preparations whatever had been made before the United States entered the struggle. Everything had to be got into shape after April, 1917. Only by ascertaining what Great Britain had achieved by August, 1915, can we get a true measure wherewith to estimate the doings of



Much of the ploughing up of new land in England is being done by women. The new type of motor plough is shown in the above picture.

the Americans. At that time, so small was our army in France, that it was possible for the enemy to send huge forces to Russia. Yet our troops could be ferried across the Channel, whereas the Americans have to traverse 3000 miles of water before they can reach Europe. In addition our standing army was more than twice as large as that of the United States; we had reserves and militia, and territorials, and, above all, we had a host of retired army officers and non-coms who could undertake the training of the new recruits, none of which advantages Americans were possessed of.

The Shipbuilding Situation.

As regards shipping, during 1914-15 we fell far below our pre-war standard, despite the fact that we required to create no new dockyards, to improvise no new ship-building ways, to create no army of expert workers. Even to-day, when the need for shipping is recognised, and the building of ships regarded as the most vital of all things, British yards have not yet caught up to their maximum output. On the other hand, what had the Americans to do? The shipyards they possessed just sufficed to turn out 500,000 tons of shipping per annum, and employed 45,000 men. In order to produce the 6,000,000 tons desired it was necessary to increase the number of

ship-building ways from 162 to 398, and recruit the workers, most of them skilled, up to 500,000. In addition, in order to provide wooden ships, 81 new yards had to be brought into existence, with 332 launching ways. Not only, then, had the Americans to build ships, they had also to construct the yards in which to do it, train a huge army of workers, and find immense quantities of highly specialised material. They had, in a word, to attempt to create, in a few short months, a gigantic organisation, an entirely new industry which it had taken Great Britain and Germany years to build up. When we properly realise this can we be surprised that during last year the Americans failed to turn out as great a tonnage as did Great Britain, where everything needed had long been in perfect working order? The wonderful thing is that they managed to reach almost 1,000,000 tons, for 1917, with them, was a year of building, not ships, but shipyards. Much shipyard erection remains to be done this year. Mr. Hurley says, however, that at the end of March, 70 per cent. had been completed. Already 250,000 workers have been got together, but naturally the majority of these have been engaged not on ships but on the erection of yards. As these are completed, however, the men will automatically turn their energies to shipbuilding.

A Rapid Increase.

Clearly, though there is still much preliminary work to be done, the Americans are getting into their stride, as the following figures show. They are official, and were given out by Mr. Hurley, Chairman of the Shipping Board:—In January, 11 steel vessels with a deadweight tonnage of 91,441 tons were delivered. In February, 16 vessels, with a deadweight tonnage of 123,000 tons, were delivered. For March the estimate was 24 vessels with a deadweight tonnage of 197,075 tons. Thus we see that although the total production of the United States for the first quarter of 1918 was only 411,600 deadweight tons—about 275,000 net tons, in which we are accustomed to reckon—the delivery is increasing so rapidly that whilst in January the annual rate was only 1,097,000 deadweight tons, in March it had risen to 2,364,900. Presumably an equally satisfactory rate of progression will be observed during the remaining months of the year. But though we may anticipate a tremendous output from American yards, in time, it would be foolish indeed to expect the United States, with but 70 per cent. of its yards completed, and with but half the

needed workers yet recruited, to be working at anything like maximum speed this year. Next year and in 1920 and following years immense numbers of ships will be launched, and ere long the United States will have a larger mercantile marine than any other country in the world. After the war there will be much tonnage to replace, and the Americans will be better able to undertake the job than anyone else. Inevitably their shipping restrictions will be removed, and ultimately we may expect to see America with the bulk of the carrying trade of the world in its hands. But whilst the present immense efforts to create a new industry will vitally affect the ultimate position of America, will give her back that supremacy on the sea she briefly enjoyed before the coming of steam, that is a matter which does not interest us at the moment. What we want to know is what this effort will bring forth in 1918. Although Mr. Hurley still clings to the belief that no less than 6,000,000 deadweight tons will be turned out from American yards the consensus of opinion in the United States appears to be that if half that amount is produced the Americans will have achieved a remarkable success.



CUTTING DOWN FRENCH FORESTS.

British troops getting the timber required for their trenches.

Transporting and Maintaining an Army.

The question of ships is intimately bound up with that of an American army in France. You cannot have a huge army in Europe unless you have the ships to take them there, and to maintain them whilst in France. Each soldier requires 10 tons of shipping to take him across the Atlantic. A thousand men need 10,000 tons. In cases of emergency and in view of the shortness of the trip it is possible that the American troops are more crowded, but we have to remember that it is not merely the man who must be taken, but his equipment, artillery, material for camps, for kitchens, and for the thousand other things which an army requires. Thus, whilst it may be possible to squeeze 1500 men on to a 10,000 ton ship, the equipment and general paraphernalia these men require would demand another 500 tons of shipping to transport it to France. Taking the all-round requirement at ten tons per man, it would mean at the very least a million tons of shipping to transport 100,000 Americans to France in a month, and that would be amazingly quick transport too. It means sending 3000 men every day of the month, which is a pretty large order.

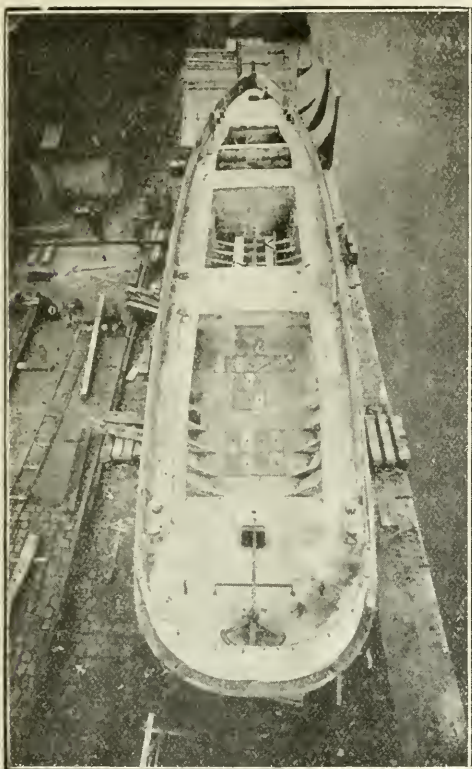
Everything Depends on Ships.

To maintain these men in France Secretary-of-War Baker estimates that two tons of shipping per man will be permanently employed. Other experts declare that this is a great under-estimate, and even go as far as to say that it would require five tons per man. Taking Mr. Baker's estimate, however, we find that to maintain an army of 1,500,000 men in France would demand the permanent employment of 3,000,000 tons of shipping which could be used for nothing else. In addition tonnage would have to be found for the transport of reinforcements. There would be, of course, no difficulty in finding ample room for the returning of the wounded to America. The transport of the million and a-half army would have required in all 15,000,000 tons of shipping, but that, of course, would not have all been wanted at the same time. As already pointed out, if the rate of 100,000 a month were maintained steadily, something over 1,000,000 tons of shipping constantly crossing to and fro would suffice to transport that army to France in fifteen months. We may take it that the American army would permanently demand the tying up of at least 4,000,000

tons of shipping. If it is increased to 3,000,000 men, as it is now suggested, it would have to be to win a decisive victory over the Germans, then 8,000,000 tons will be permanently locked up for its use. Roughly, we may say that for every half million men the Americans send to France they must in some way or other provide a million tons of shipping. To put it in another way, whenever the Americans send 5000 men across the Atlantic, they must launch a new vessel of 10,000 tons. Otherwise they would be obliged to withdraw tonnage from the already insufficient world shipping now afloat. This brings us again to the inevitable point at which we always arrive in any discussion concerning the war—namely, that everything depends on ships. The Americans have any amount of men available, there is plenty of wheat and meat in the world to feed the Allies in Europe sumptuously, but the lack of ships prevents the transport of a huge American army, makes it necessary for severe rationing to take place in England, and has brought about great distress in Italy and France.

Can We Catch Up?

Therefore, the most important thing for us to know at the moment is what prospect there is of Allied building being immensely accelerated until it exceeds the sinkings by several million tons per annum—by at least 8,000,000 if the American army in France is to be increased to 3,000,000. The British Admiralty recently issued a statement which showed that during the first three months of this year vessels aggregating 320,280 tons were completed in the yards of the United Kingdom, whilst 544,327 tons were launched in Allied and neutral countries. The statement further indicated that during 1917 the total tonnage built in the world was just under 3,000,000 tons. Now 320,000 tons a quarter is only 1,280,000 tons a year, which suggests that Great Britain is at present doing no better than she did in 1917. If the British yards are to turn out the estimated 3,000,000 tons, they ought to be producing not 320,000 tons a quarter, but 750,000. The sinkings during April reached 370,000 tons, and during March 380,000 tons. American proposals last year were that at the very least 6,000,000 tons of shipping were to be turned out during 1918, but only the most optimistic person still hopes that that figure will be reached. Experts who have gone carefully into the matter declare that if 3,000,000 tons are produced the Americans will be



A FRENCH CONCRETE SHIP AWAITING ITS ENGINES.

The French have been busily engaged in constructing cement boats. They are cast in a sort of mould which is built in portions. These are taken away when the cement has hardened, and the boat is ready for launching.

doing well. If Great Britain does not treble her output during the remaining months of the year, and the American yards are unable to quadruple their rate of launchings, there seems to be very little hope indeed of our getting anything approaching the 8,000,000 tons which is required this year. The greatest hope, of course, is that the Americans have now got into their stride, and the launching of a 5000 ton stone ship—built entirely of reinforced concrete—is one of the most cheering things that has been reported for a very long time. If this vessel proves as successful as reports indicate, then there is a possibility of getting a great tonnage on the water at short notice.

Exchanging Prisoners.

The French and Germans after prolonged negotiations have concluded an agreement for a general exchange of prisoners. The British Government declared that it was ignorant of the terms of the

agreement, and was not, indeed, aware that the French had altered their previous attitude, which had been one of opposition to wholesale exchange. From Lord Newton's statement, we get a good idea of the arrangements made. All non-commissioned officers and men who have been in captivity for eighteen months will be exchanged man for man. It is estimated that about 120,000 Germans will thus obtain freedom, and that none captured by the French before January, 1917, will remain in their hands. An equal number of French soldiers will also be liberated, but large numbers will remain in Germany owing to the fact that the enemy in the early days made far greater captures of French than did our Allies of Germans. The soldiers are to be liberated, apparently, without having to give any undertaking whatever that they will not take up arms again. They are, in fact, expected to join their respective armies as soon as possible. The officers will, however, not be freely exchanged. All will be interned in Switzerland or some other neutral country; none will be at liberty to again join the army whilst the war continues. Last December Lord Newton completed arrangements for the exchange of wounded and invalid war prisoners, and for the exchange of officers who had, however, to be interned in a neutral country. No effort at all appears to have been made to exchange the ordinary Tommy, and the attitude of the British Government has been, and still is, that anything which augments the diminishing man power of Germany ought to be avoided; that although the exchange is man for man, the Germans want the men more than do the Allies, who have the Americans to fall back on. It is to be hoped, however, with the example of France before them, the British authorities will change their view and arrange for the free exchange of all men who have been confined in Germany for more than a year and a-half.

Only 3000 British Civilians in Germany.

Concerning the exchange of civilian prisoners of war a deadlock appears to have been reached owing to the refusal of Germany to regard sailors taken from armed merchantmen as civilians. Apart from these men there are only a thousand British civilians interned in Germany. Lord Newton stated that there were 21,000 German civilians interned in England, and 3000 British civilians interned in Germany, of whom 2000 were sailors. Of the 21,000

Germans, only some 300 were engaged in useful productive work! 6000 did not desire to go back to Germany, and the proposal was that the remaining 15,000 should be exchanged against the 3000 British. This had not been done owing to the enemy attitude towards the sailors. The plain and simple fact was, said Lord Newton, that the Germans did not want to exchange prisoners, whilst we did. This is a somewhat remarkable thing, as the noble lord went on to say that most of the 15,000 prisoners were reservists, and non-commissioned officers of the German army! He appealed to the House not to urge the Government to exchange prisoners until the right of the mercantile marine to be considered as non-combatant had been established. There is evidently a growing demand that England should follow France's example as speedily as possible, and exchange all prisoners. As we have taken more Germans than the enemy have taken British, all men captured in 1914, 1915 and 1916 would, under this arrangement, soon be back again in England.

The Arrests in Ireland.

Things in Ireland instead of reaching the settlement hoped for, are getting worse. Just a week ago a brief announcement concerning the discovery of a sensational plot was followed by the arrest of prominent Sinn Fein leaders, amongst others E. de Valera, M.P.; W. P. Cosgrave, M.P.; Countess Markievicz; Maude Gonne; Count George Plunkett, M.P.; Mr. M'Guinness, M.P.; and Arthur Griffiths. The arrests were effected during the night, and before the people realised what had happened the prisoners were on board warships, on their way to England. The number of arrests is stated in some quarters to be about 100, in others as high as 500. The Germans are said to have been at the bottom of the plot, which it would seem was disclosed by American secret service men, though nothing definite is yet known on that point. The new Irish Secretary, Mr. Shortt, announced that "the British Government believes it can rely on Irish support, irrespective of creed or politics, in the measures already taken." Only if the Government can show absolute and convincing proofs of the existence of a conspiracy with the enemy, the object of which was to make of Ireland another battle front, will Mr. Shortt's expectation be realised.

In Ireland and Bohemia.

We may have confidence that the Government has the evidence needed to satisfy Irishmen concerning the correctness of its doings. Until proofs of the existence of a great German conspiracy are published, the Nationalists will take no definite action, but once convinced that a *bona fide* enemy plot has been nipped in the bud, they can no longer continue in alliance with those implicated therein. No further progress is reported with the new Home Rule scheme, and the recent arrests naturally have interfered in the proposed attempt to revive voluntary recruiting. The Austrians are having serious trouble with their Ireland. The Czechs, sick to death of Austrian promises, and despairing of securing that Home Rule they have so long demanded, are reported to have demonstrated in favour of Austria's enemies. Only one thing could be expected, the prompt arrest of the leaders, and the adoption of drastic measures by the Government. The Czechs are not powerful enough to win their independence by force of arms, and they cannot hope for Allied help. The net result of their demonstrations will be to destroy all chance of winning Home Rule for many a long day.

Cementing the Central Alliance.

As usual, we are totally in the dark as to the real state of affairs in the Central Empires. Much is said about the unrest in Austria, the hunger in Germany, and the anger in Poland, but nothing definite, nothing on which we can place any real reliance. When we recall that one of the things on which we count mainly for victory is the starving of German people and German factories, it is amazing that so little is told us about internal conditions. It may be that the reported revolt of Jug-Slav and Czech is seriously embarrassing the Austrian Government, but it certainly does not appear to be interfering with the preparation for a great offensive in Italy or to be driving the Emperor to try and make peace with the Allies. It may indeed be responsible for the further cementing of the German and Austrian Empires; may, in fact, be doing the one thing we hoped it would not do. Turmoil in Austria has always been regarded as evidence that the Dual Empire was falling to bits, was on the eve of making terms with the Allies, was about to cut

adrift from Germany. Instead a yet closer alliance has been formed between Kaiser and Emperor, the two Teutonic Empires have been welded more firmly together. If this is the result of the Slav upheaval we hoped for, may there be no more such insurrections! On the other hand it is at least conceivable that the Austrians are now convinced that the only terms on which the Allies will agree to a separate peace are so onerous that, even though unwelcome, a closer alliance with Germany would be infinitely preferable. Whatever the cause, there seems no doubt that more intimate relations have now been established between Berlin and Vienna. The visit of the Emperor Charles to Turkey suggests that he is now active in promoting that Central European block which is said to be the German dream.

Ukrainian Wheat.

Despite the assertions that grievous disappointment has awaited the Germans in Ukraina, I have little doubt but that large supplies of wheat from South Russia have already reached Germany. I base this conclusion on the statements in neutral papers concerning the stores of grain which were held at Odessa, Nicholaieff, and other places. The wheat was apparently there, but its conveyance over the Russian railways was the difficulty. The Germans, however, did not need to bother much about this, as they would send the wheat through Roumania and Hungary; would have a very short length of Russian railroad to negotiate. In any case the enemy have managed to survive another year, and so far as wheat is concerned will during the next couple of weeks have begun to reap the harvest in the rich valleys of Bohemia, and may expect a great crop from the Roumanian plains. Whether they can count on getting any wheat crop this year from South Russia is another matter, for during the violent times through which that unhappy country has passed, sowing has in all likelihood been neglected. What the Germans got when they went in was stored wheat; their intervention came too late for either winter or spring sowing.

The Enemy in Russia.

The conflicting reports from Russia would lead us to assume that the Russians as a body are fiercely hostile to the Austro-German invaders, but that cannot possibly be the case. If it were the slender Teutonic armies would speedily be sub-

merged by sheer numbers. As I have so often pointed out, the astute Germans are successfully following the example set them by the Romans, the Dutch, the French and the British, and are supporting one faction against the others. Clive and his fellows took and held India because India was not united, one faction could always be relied upon to invite the assistance of the foreign invader and give him justification for future advance. So it is in Russia. We may be perfectly certain that were it not for the energetic assistance of Russians, the Germans could not hold their own for a single day in Russia. That there is serious trouble in Ukraina we may take for granted; but we may also assume with confidence that the Germans are working in alliance with at any rate one powerful faction, and with it make a combination strong enough to gain the upper hand. The failure of the Cossacks to eject the enemy out of Rostoff confirms my conjecture that the Germans are supporting the most conservative elements in South Russia, whose cause the Cossacks are also championing.

Berlin-Bagdad v. Hamburg-Herat.

The advance of the Teutonic forces to the Don, right across Russia, and the approach of the Turks to Baku have caused our leader writers to come to the conclusion that the enemy have abandoned the Berlin to Bagdad idea, and now aim at establishing connection between Hamburg and Herat. I don't hold that view at all, as I am convinced the Germans have no more expectation that we will be allowed to retain Mesopotamia than we have that they will be permitted to remain in possession of Venetia. They aim at a return to the *status quo ante bellum*, leaving the new Russian States to determine their own future, and this *status quo* includes the re-establishment of the Turkish Empire and the return of the German colonies or their purchase by cash or concessions elsewhere. However, that is another matter altogether. The reason why the Kaiser and his advisers will not abandon Berlin-Bagdad in favour of Hamburg-Herat is because they require an outlet to the sea in the east, and could not get it via Herat without immense difficulty, both political and engineering, whilst such a route would always be open to dangerous interruption in Ukraina, Caucasia, Turkestan and Persia. It would also lie too perilously near the warlike mountaineers of Afghanistan

and Bokhara. No doubt the Germans intend to take a leading part in the development of Siberia and Central Asia; but through the Russians, not by conquest. Railways connect Herat with Russia, and with the Caspian Sea, and it would not be a very great matter to link the city with the Indian system; but Berlin-Bagdad is so infinitely superior to Hamburg-Herat in every way that it would be amazing if there were any question in Germany of abandoning the former for the latter.

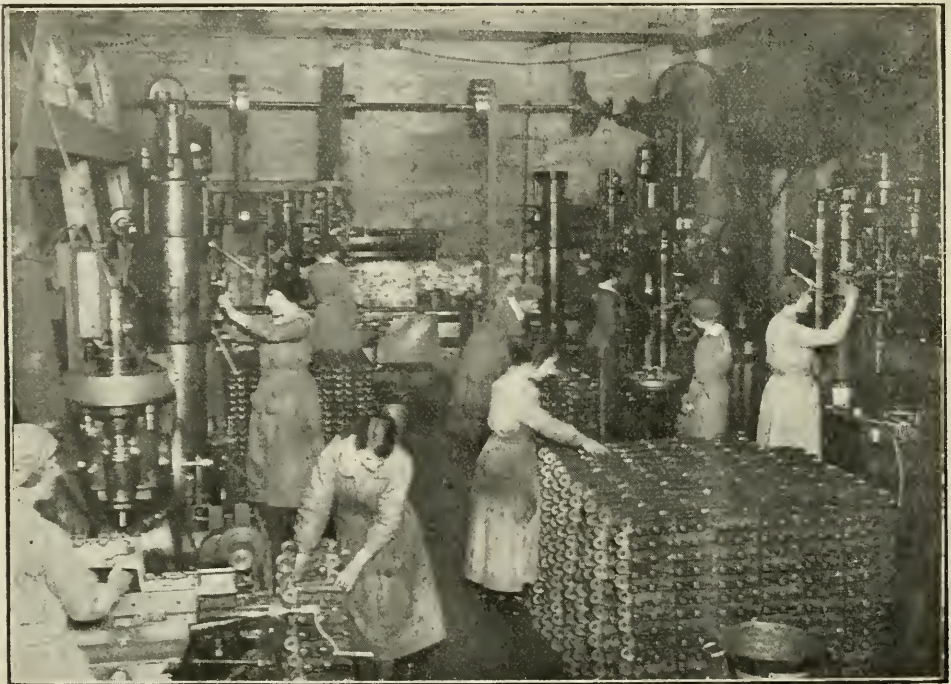
The German Colonies.

The question of the fate of the German colonies interests us here deeply, and it is said that Mr. Hughes and Mr. Cook have gone to London to urge that we retain them. It would be useful to know what is the real opinion of Australia on the matter. We still say that we desire no territory merely as territory; it is no part of our war aims to colour more of the map red; but we feel that, unless we reluctantly took charge of these colonies they would be used as hostile bases against us some time or other. That being the case, we see our demand for New Guinea

and the islands not as a craving for further possession, but as a necessary safeguard for our future. We don't really want New Guinea, Samoa and the rest, but we dread that if we fail to take them they will become dangerous spots from which Australia may be threatened, even attacked.

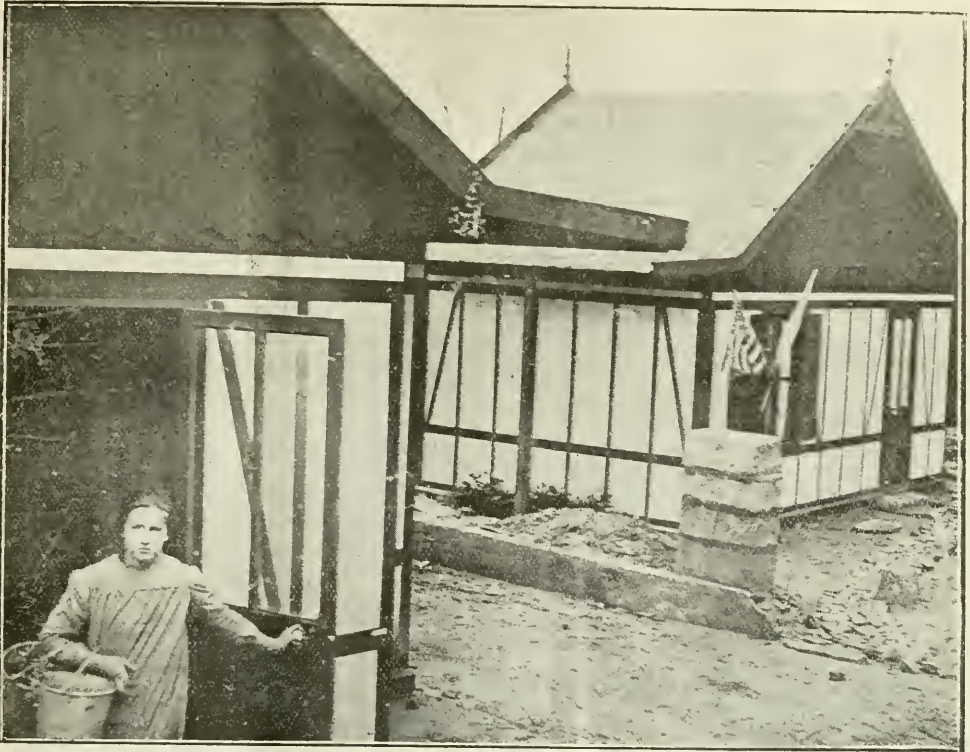
Commonwealth Finances.

In asking for authorisation to raise a further sum of £80,000,000 for war purposes, Mr. Watt gave a brief summary of the financial position of Australia. His statement was one of the clearest that has ever been made by a Treasurer in the Federal Parliament. He promptly answered the many interjections made, but refused to confuse his figures by being led along some side track after the manner of former Treasurers. The fact that he is the possessor of a fine memory helped him greatly in giving this brief but lucid account of our indebtedness because of the war. Although the statement was a personal triumph for the Acting Prime Minister, it disclosed a most disquieting position. To meet war expenditure the Com-



GIRLS WHO HELP MAKE TANKS.

The multitudinous parts needed for the British tanks are nearly all turned out by women. The photo. shows girls at work on sections of the caterpillar wheels.



TEMPORARY HOMES FOR FRENCH PEASANTS.

Throughout the Somme area, evacuated by the Germans, temporary houses were provided for the peasants, whose homes had been razed to the ground. Unfortunately, all those erected in that area fell into German hands during the recent offensive.

monwealth has raised £150,000,000 locally, and has borrowed £47,500,000 in London. In addition it owes the British Exchequer £40,000,000 for payments made to meet naval and military expenditure in Europe, and has also to find the money for deferred pay of soldiers, over £9,000,000. In order to help carry on the note issue has been greatly swelled, and some £50,000,000 worth of notes have now been issued. To redeem these at least £30,000,000 would have to be raised. Mr. Watt, in his statement by the way, did not refer at all to the note issue, which is, of course, not an ordinary war loan, but which is actually money borrowed from the people without interest, and without their knowing it. Leaving out the note issue altogether, we find that the Commonwealth has actually borrowed some £197,000,000 and owes another £50,000,000, which money will ultimately have to be found. Mr. Watt estimates that the war will cost no more during the coming financial year

than it did during the last, viz., £84,000,000. It is to be hoped that he is not too optimistic, but thus far the war cost has steadily mounted year by year, and month by month, and it would hardly be surprising if it reached £100,000,000 during 1918-19. During 1917-18 the estimated sum needed to meet interest on war loans, and to provide the necessary sinking fund is £8,461,200. Since that estimate was made at least £40,000,000 has been raised, and £80,000,000 will have to be raised during the next twelve months. In addition the sums owing to the British Government and to the soldiers will have to be found, so that we may assume that this time next year interest for at least another £100,000,000 will have to be found. Including sinking fund that would amount to £10,000,000, so that by June, 1919, or shortly after, the annual interest bill on war debts which the Commonwealth will have to meet will be at least £18,000,000. That seems a truly terrific amount when we

recall that five years ago the total revenue of the Commonwealth was only £21,000,000!

Now Paying Our Way.

It is, at any rate, good to learn that we are now paying our way in England, instead of allowing the hard pressed British Exchequer to meet our obligations for us. Hitherto some half-million a week appears to have been disbursed for us by the London authorities; in future we are going to pay that ourselves. Mr. Watt is certainly grasping the nettle, and is compelling the country to face the facts. It may not be grateful to him for so doing, but it was high time we were told the true position. Why, not so long ago, it was actually not permitted to mention the fact that the British Government was spending £500,000 a week on our behalf, and that back payments had reached so large a sum as £40,000,000! All that is now to be al-

tered, and we are to be asked to face the situation. As it is imperative to raise revenue, to get millions more than ever before, war loans in future will not be exempt from income tax. It is a pity they ever enjoyed this freedom, although, had the war been a short one, this would not have much mattered. The means to be adopted to find the money needed for current expenses and interest on war loans have not yet been disclosed, but it is almost certain that there will be a drastic increase in income tax. Already, owing to the double tax, State and Commonwealth both collecting, it is very heavy; it will be heavier still next year. In another statement Mr. Watt indicated that the total indebtedness of the Commonwealth and the Australian States was now £600,000,000. A very respectable total indeed—£122 per head for every man, woman and child in the country, carrying a liability of £5 per head annual interest.



Owing to the shortage of petrol, coal gas is being used to drive tractors for ploughing. It is reckoned that one filling of gas, at a cost of 6d., is sufficient to plough half an acre.

HISTORY IN CARICATURE.

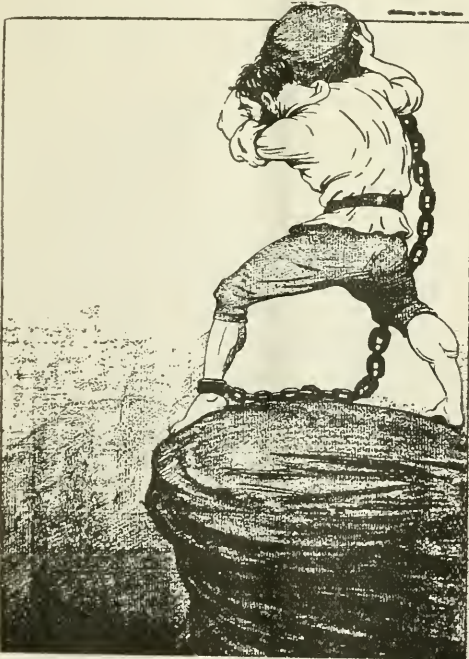
Oh, wad some Power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as ithers see us.—Burns.

Quite the most striking cartoon on the Russian situation which has yet appeared is that we reproduce from *The Nebelspalter* on this page. It shows fettered Russia throwing over the Tsardom to which its chain was attached without, however, snapping the chain first. We are seeing the result of this to-day.

The Plain Dealer shows Russia hanging itself with a peace rope, a cartoon which is typical of many others now appearing in the United States.

The Germans naturally take a very different view of the Russian settlement. *Kladderadatsch*, in its cartoon "Joyful Tidings from Brest Litovski," shows Peace rejoicing. The Spanish *Esquella* shows matters in another light, and *The Nebelspalter* sees in the attitude of Germany towards Ukrainia a desire for food rather than sympathy with a struggling people.

Kladderadatsch shows John Bull much disgruntled at the making of peace be-



Nebelspalter.]

[Zurich.

THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION.



Plain Deal.]

[Cleveland.

BETTER THAN HIS BOOT-STRAPS.



Kladderadatsch.] [Berlin.
JOYFUL TIDINGS FROM BREST-LITOVSKI.
"Hurrah! I have already got one leg out!"



Esquella.] PEACE IN RUSSIA. [Barcelona.
A man lies on the ground, and a crow stands over him. A small pile of coins is nearby.



Kladderadatsch.] [Berlin.
THE PEACE AT BREST-LITOVSKI.
When two are happy the third is not!



Nebelpaster.] [Zurich.
THE MUCH-WOODED ONE.
"Oh, we are delighted with your charms!"
"Is it my charms, or my wheat?"

tween Russia and Germany, whilst *The Call Post* of San Francisco suggests that the task of reorganising the formerly great Empire is almost impossible.

The British papers deal very largely with the crisis in shipbuilding, and several of them attribute the delays to the fact that political theorists have endeavoured to oust practical men in the conduct of affairs. We reproduce two of these cartoons; plenty of similar ones have appeared.



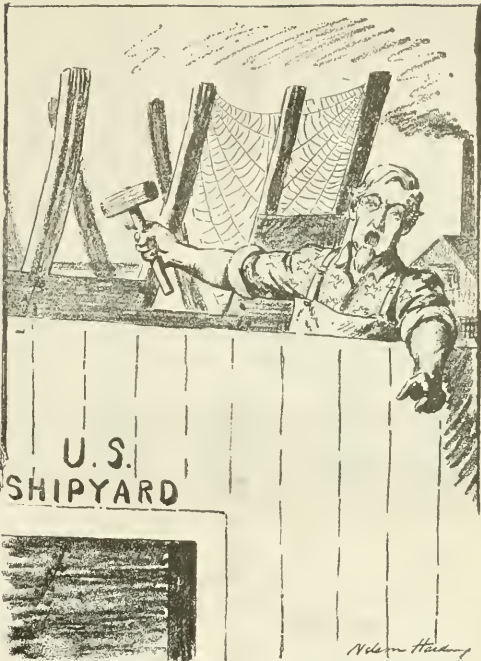
Call-Post.] [San Francisco.
A KNOTTY PROBLEM.
The Puzzle—How to put it together aga'n?



London Opinion.]

THE SHIPPING SHORTAGE EXPLAINED.

"The output of shipping has been delayed by theorists who had been sent to the yards to teach practical men their business."—Sir Walter Runciman.



The Eagle.]

HELP WANTED!

[Brooklyn.



The People.]

[London.

SLOG OR STARVE.

JOHN BULL: "Now, look here, my man, are you going to give us more ships, or will you let your wife and children starve for want of supplies?"

SHIPBUILDER: "I'm willing to do my bit, guv'nor; but you stop those meddling incompetents at Whitehall mucking us about, and you'll soon see the difference."



Reynolds's Newspaper.]

[London.

WEIGHED AND FOUND WANTING.

JOHN BULL: "I don't know who's to blame for it, but according to this there's something wrong somewhere."



Star. [Montreal.]
THE MAD TIGER.
 He may bend the bars, but cannot escape.

The *Montreal Star* considers that, whilst Germany may launch offensives and carry out drives, it can never hope to break the Allied resistance.



London Opinion.

WHO'S WHO IN WAR TIME.

HE: "Have the car ready at the Admiralty at 4.30."

SHE: "Very well."

HE: "I am accustomed to being addressed as 'My lord'!"

SHE: "I am accustomed to be addressed as 'My lady'!"



Ulk [Berlin.]
THE MILLSTONES OF WAR.
 FRANCE AND ENGLAND (groaning): "Here comes a fifth crusher."

The German *Ulk*, like most enemy papers, insists that time is fighting rather on the side of the Central Powers than of the Allies.

The *Amsterdammer* suggests that the military party is tempting the German people to continue the war by promises of conquered territory and the like.



De Amsterdammer.

[Amsterdam.]

THE TEMPTER.

"Take hold, dearest!"

(N.B. The words on the scarf are "Fatherland Party" and those on the casket are "Conquered Territory.")

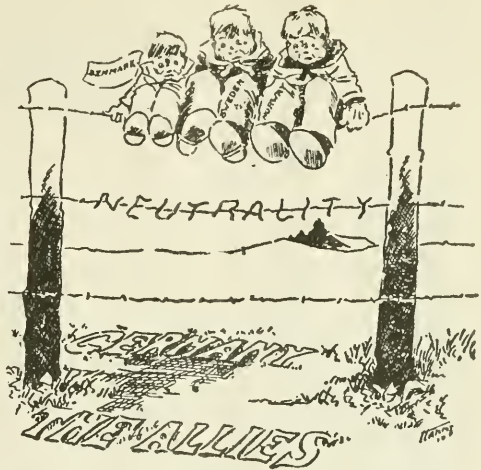


Wahre Jacob.] [Stuttgart.

AN ANTI-WAR REMEDY.

If only Tirpitz talk would cease,
How very soon should we have peace.

A somewhat remarkable cartoon is that published by *Wahre Jacob*, showing Admiral von Tirpitz with his lips pad-



St. Joseph News-Press.]

[Missouri.

"IT'S GETTING MIGHTY UNCOMFORTABLE
UP HERE!"

locked. One wonders what would be the fate of an Australian paper which ventured to treat in similar manner those who have loudly advocated an economic war against Germany after the present struggle is ended!

Kladderadatsch pretends that Great Britain is not concerned at all with President Wilson's fourteen basic principles, but demands immediate help instead.

The Norwegian Hvepsen has no illusions concerning the German peace proposals, whilst *The St. Joseph News Press* illustrates the parlous position of the neutrals.



Kladderadatsch.] [Berlin.

WILSON AND HIS FOURTEEN BASIC PRINCIPLES

CHURCHILL: "The most important principle just now, Mr. Wilson, is surely to help England!"



Hvepsen.]

[Christiania.

THE PEACE ANGEL.

Seen from before and behind.



Kladderadatsch.]

[Berlin.]

A BRASS-BAND OFFENSIVE.

"But, gentlemen, will you never learn that the walls of Germany are not like the walls of Jericho?—they do not fall at the blast of a trumpet!"

Kladderadatsch, like the majority of its contemporaries in the Central Empires, endeavours to show that the Allies rely more upon bombastic declarations



London Opinion.]

A THREATENED INTERRUPTION.

"Japan will take steps of the most decided and most adequate character to meet the occasion."—Viscount Motono, Minister for Foreign Affairs.

than upon efficient military effort to win the war.

The proposed intervention of Japan in Siberia meets with the very greatest approval in British journals, as the two cartoons on this page indicate.



TO TURN TO BRIGHTER THINGS.

JOHN BULL (repeating after Mr. Lloyd George): "We made an awful muddle over Serbia—we wasted invaluable months over Greece—we made a glorious hash over Roumania—we— Oh, I say, my dear Lloyd George, this is all too awfully dismal and depressing. Now, let's have something jolly about Jerusalem."



Sunday Chronicle.]

[Manchester.]

NO THOROUGHFARE.

MAUDE OF MESOPOTAMIA.

Easily the most interesting article on the late Lieutenant-General Sir Stanley Maude, which has yet appeared is that contributed by Eleanor Franklin Egan to *The Saturday Evening Post*. Miss Egan has done some great work during this war, but her account of her experiences in Mesopotamia will rank higher than any of the others. First of all, when she applied she was met with a blank refusal, but, to the amazement of everyone, she finally got permission to go to Mesopotamia, and visit General Maude. Her first article on her experiences deals with the death of the General himself. She says:—

And now, since the preposterously impossible has happened, how am I ever going to write about it! The story of the voyage with British troops up the Persian Gulf and other stories about the wonders to behold in Mesopotamia must wait. They have joy in them and jubilation, while the air we breathe in Bagdad to-day is heavy with the reverberations of minute guns and the roll of muffled drums. General Maude is dead.

That it should be given to me to write this; that it should have been given to me to be with him during the last week of his life—seems very strange. The only woman in Bagdad not officially attached to the services of war, I was his guest when he died, and stood alone in the midst of his army at his graveside. And through it all I have felt, as I feel now, curiously like an intruder upon the scene of a great historic event with which—if there be an eternal fitness of things—I can have no possible connection.

She found everywhere—an immense admiration for the “Army Commander,” as he was everywhere called. There was a quite extraordinary personal devotion to him throughout the whole army.

“When Maude went north” is a phrase they use out here. It runs like a thread of something different through the usually grey fabric of local conversation about events of former days, and it lifts the hearts of the men who have been through it all; the men—so many of them still here—who went through the first advance; through the ill-advised original attempt upon Bagdad; through the retreat and the long siege of Kut-el-Amara; through the hell and the slaughter of the repeated endeavours to relieve General Townshend's beleaguered army; through the humiliation and heartbreak of defeat and surrender; through the test and the trial and the torture. How different it all became “when Maude went north”!

They carried him out through the old North Gate to-day, and one of his officers, writing afterward in the fulness of his grief, said:—

*Batteries have told the listening town this day
That through her ancient gate to his last resting place,
Maude has gone north.*

I would if I could convey an idea of how impossible, how unbelievable this seems to us who are here in the midst of the silence and the sadness. Three days ago General Maude was the strongest living force in this vast section of the world. He was in every man's mind—the army commander; on every man's tongue—the army commander; a figure so potent that to think of the Mesopotamian Expeditionary Force without his calm intelligence behind it, directing it in its ever-victorious progress, was not possible. He was pre-eminently the man of Mesopotamia.

She mentions, by the way, the curious fact that the British can actually stand the heat better than the Turks themselves, and that, therefore, no organised offensive need ever be anticipated in the hot season. From October to May is the time when operations can be carried out; after that little can be done. She gives a short but interesting account of the way in which General Maude organised his forces, and carried out the arrangements which finally landed him in Bagdad. The General sent aeroplanes over the city to drop proclamations calling upon the people to observe strict order, and to fear nothing from the incoming British troops.

It is a matter of considerable regret to most persons concerned that he made no triumphal demonstration upon his arrival. It was thought that a display of pomp and a parade of victory might have a good effect upon the population, and serve to enhance the local prestige of the conquering forces, but General Maude was un démonstrative in every way, and he walked into the city as casually as he might have done had he been a very tired traveller arriving under the most ordinary circumstances. When the Turks left, anarchy was let loose in the city; and at the moment the British entered chaos reigned, while bands of murderous Arabs were looting the bazaars and scattering terror in every highway and byway. This state of affairs lasted just as long as it took British patrols to march through the streets, and no longer; while a few subsequent hangings and imprisonments and the excellent conduct of the British troops served to restore almost at once the complete confidence and serenity of the people. British occupation of Bagdad was regretted by nobody but the defeated Turks and the off-scourings of Arabian tribes who were halted in their criminal pursuits by the immediate establishment of British law and order.

Miss Egan found General Maude in a historic house, where General von der Goltz had died of cholera, they say, and

where Khalil Pasha, commander of the Turkish forces, had established his headquarters. General Maude occupied the room in which von der Goltz had died, and "was rather pleased with the idea of doing so."

It was not a particularly comfortable house, and was about as elaborate in its furnishings as a camp in the desert. Like all other residences in Mesopotamia it was built round a wide, paved court, and the living rooms opened on a second-floor balcony on the inside. Its floors were mud brick and its walls were painted a fearful saffron hue which seemed to have had some intention of being yellow.

The General met her with two of his aides at the landing stage of the river, and, as he helped her ashore, he said:—

"Well, here you are! That's good! Come along now and let's have some lunch."

That was all. It was as though I had been away for a few days and had just returned. But it was peculiarly characteristic of the man. His thoughts ran in clean-cut grooves, and his besetting weakness was punctuality. It was a quarter past one o'clock, and his luncheon hour was one. He had waited for me an unprecedented fifteen minutes.

There were frequent plots to assassinate the General, and the Secret Service was always kept busy.

The atmosphere of command with which he managed to envelop himself was extraordinary. The attitude of his personal staff was like nothing I have ever encountered. There were only three of them: Colonel Williams, his military secretary, and the two A.D.C.'s; and they were devoted to him with a devotion that was founded on unquestionable love, but which was rendered more or less ineffectual by a too profound respect. They were never able to unbend in his presence or to "rag" him, as members of a personal staff should have been able to do, into a proper regard for his own safety and physical welfare. That was not their fault; it was his own. He did exactly as he pleased—rather liked to boast that he did, as a matter of fact—and would have looked upon advice touching his individual habits as unwarranted interference. He worked literally all the time he was awake; and he got up every morning at five o'clock and put in two hours before breakfast looking over papers and dictating telegrams while he shaved and dressed.

No one who was not punctual to the minute ever enjoyed his confidence. He made every detail of his operations his personal business, and delegated unshared responsibility to nobody. He never spared himself, and always went the quickest way.

He travelled to and from the lines of defence by aeroplane, and up and down the river in a *glisseur*—a surface-skimming motor boat driven by a huge wind wheel at the stern which makes from thirty to forty miles an hour and as much noise as a flock of aero-

planes. His official family was very much opposed to his flying, but his choice of a way to do anything was always the quickest way, and he did not know what fear was. When anyone made so bold as to protest against his using an aeroplane, he always referred to a friend of his who "fell down a little stairway and died of a broken leg." He was going out to Ramadi one day—headquarters on his western line—and one of his aides asked if he would not please have a message sent through to them as soon as he arrived.

"I will not," he replied. "Why should I? If I don't get there they will probably let you know sooner or later. Then you might send out and gather up the pieces."

At the beginning of the war the General commanded a brigade in France, and was severely wounded. The surgeons were unable to get the bullet out of his back, and the wound troubled him even in Mesopotamia. After his recovery, he commanded the famous 13th Division at Gallipoli, and after the evacuation brought it to Mesopotamia, and commanded it in all the attempts to relieve General Townshend at Kut. After the surrender of that place, he was appointed the commander of the Tigris Corps, and succeeded Sir Percy Lake in full command of Mesopotamian forces on August 28th following. The uninterrupted successes of his subsequent career won for him the enviable title, "Maude, the Ever-Victorious."

General Maude was a very impressive figure, handsome in a way, yet strangely not so. He was six feet three inches tall, and had a very soldierly bearing. His innate kindness expressed itself in a gleam of humour that was hardly ever absent from his eyes, and he was rather fascinating when he talked because of a slow drawl in his speech, and a vein of quiet fun that was peculiarly his own.

As the General died of cholera, it is particularly interesting to read Miss Egan's account of why he refused to be inoculated against it.

"I must not forget to record that he insisted upon having me inoculated against cholera as one of his first kindnesses on my behalf. Though cholera is not epidemic in Bagdad by any means, it is quite extensively prevalent. There are now a good many cases in the infectious-diseases hospital, and an isolation camp for suspect cases has been established down the river a mile or so. He wanted me to meet all the officers in Bagdad who were associated with him in the direction of the big job, so every night we had a dinner party of sorts with six or eight guests. The second evening after my arrival he had an army surgeon come in after dinner with his needles and serum, and not only I but his official household and everybody present had to take it. He would have none of it himself, how-

ever; in fact, his physician had tried in vain for many months to inoculate him. He would not permit it, and his curiously unreasonable excuse was that no man at his age ever got cholera. He was about fifty-four, I think.

He asked Miss Egan one evening if "she would like to see Hamlet played in Arabic by children of Israel, who were direct descendants of the left-overs from the Babylonian captivity." At first she thought he spoke in jest, but finally found that he had promised to go to an entertainment which the Jewish school had been getting ready for weeks. "I always try to keep my word," he said, "but amateurs! and Hamlet, of all things!"

To go to this promising affair we left the house next evening at half-past eight. And it was very cold. Not being an A.D.C., and having nothing to fear from the big man, I protested against his going out without an overcoat, but he only laughed, and refused to send back for one. Even so he did not consider it necessary to pretend that he was comfortable. He was cold and his legs were too long for the automobile and the streets were execrably rough—and he hated automobiles anyhow! He was very humorous about it, and he started off laughing and grumbling with the utmost cheerfulness. It was a curious mood for General Maude, and a delightful one.

The General had no idea where they were really going, but his A.D.C. knew all about it, and had taken great precautions. Had he known what kind of a show it was to be, says Miss Egan, nothing on earth would have induced him to go. He was modest to the point of timidity, and would have shrunk from the hero worship which he there received. A huge audience, Jews, Persians, Arabs, Kurds, Syrians, Chaldeans and representatives of a dozen Eastern races in their finest and most elaborate garments, were collected together in the improvised theatre. This amazing throng rose to its feet as General Maude entered and cheered him to the echo.

A good half hour was wasted in preliminary courtesies. One person after another came up and greeted the General, and there were numerous introductions. The chief rabbi of the city, a large black-bearded man in long silken robes and a white-and-gold turban, took a seat on the other end of the little platform and assisted in the ceremonies, while the headmaster, a typical Bagdad Jew with a French education and old-fashioned French manners, hovered about and displayed his pleasure in the occasion by much suave gesticulation and many smiles. Then they brought a small table and placed it before the army commander and me, on which were two cups, a pot of coffee, a bowl of sugar and a jug of milk.

Before the recollection of that one must pause to speculate and wonder. Yet one may speculate and wonder for all time. What can anyone ever possibly know? As I write, General Maude lies dead in a desert grave outside the old North Gate, and they are saying boldly and insistently in the bazaars to-night that he was murdered! He drank the coffee, and he poured into it a large quantity of the cold raw milk. I drank the coffee, too, but without milk. When it became certain that he could not live, the doctors asked what he had taken that night, and I told them. They had no suspicions at the time and no thought of anything but of the overwhelming disaster, but they decided that that was where he probably got the infection. He had cholera in its most virulent form.

It was eleven o'clock before the General found an opportunity to escape. Two days later he was late for luncheon, and sent word that we were not to wait for him. "A few minutes later he came in, and startled us all by the announcement that he was not going to have any lunch. He stopped to make some characteristically humorous enquiries about what I was doing, and how I was getting on. Then he excused himself, and went to his room. I never saw him again."

When the city learned on Saturday morning that the army commander was seriously ill an all-pervading hush descended upon it which nothing yet has served to lift. As I walked through the gardens of General Headquarters I met groups of officers who were discussing the sombre possibilities.

And the question they were asking was: "If he dies who will 'carry on'?"

The solemnity of such a question can hardly be realised by anyone who is not familiar with the quality of the influence exercised by an idolised army commander in a theatre of war. General Maude had brought the Mesopotamian Expeditionary Force out of chaos and had led it on to unqualified victory, and his name was a name to conjure with. Nobody knew that better than the enemy. He inspired the force with a happy confidence that made itself felt throughout the whole field of operations from the Persian Gulf to the last lonely outpost on the far-flung circle of defence; and to have him removed was like shutting off the current in a vast system of gloriously electric enterprise.

The thought in most minds, and a thought very frequently expressed, has been "Could anything exceed the luck of the Germans!"

But—strangely enough, and fortunately—no man is indispensable. That afternoon they telegraphed for Lieut.-General Sir William Marshall, corps commander on the North-Eastern front, and he came in. And that afternoon General Maude roused himself to say to his military secretary:

"Tell them I can't come to the office to-day, and they must just—carry on!"

And they will.

The evening of the second day he died. That was yesterday, and to-day we have buried him. Early this morning the boom of minute

guns began to roll across the city from one direction and then another, and the sun rose upon the British flag half-masted in the midst of war.

The General was buried with spectacular simplicity. A deep silence lay upon the town, and the street through which the body was carried to the North Gate was banked on either side to the very roofs with a dark-robed multitude of men and women, who seemed not to move at all, who spoke in whispers.

Outside the walls of Bagdad lie illimitable reaches of blank desolation, and in the midst of this they have made a new cemetery for British dead. I went with the American consul and stood with the representatives of all the divisions of the army and all the services of war beside the grave; and from there we watched the slow approach of the sad burden, draped in the folds of the Union Jack and carried aloft on the shoulders of men.

The way was lined with Indian troops stand-

ing at ease, and in the stillness of the desert we could hear the subdued commands and the quiet, precise salute, "Present—arms!" rustling wave on wave, rank by rank, down the long, unbroken columns.

Slowly, reverently they lowered the coffin to the trestle over the grave; then a low, sweet monotone of prayer floating out over the bowed heads of a uniformed and war-accustomed throng—"dust to dust"—the peace and grace of our Lord Jesus Christ for evermore—the last rifle volleys—and finally the reverberating blare of many trumpets rolling out across the boundless grey waste the heart-chilling melody of the Last Post.

It is a bleak burial ground, far away from the homeland, and he lies in the circular centre space that was left as a site for a monument. He will lie there always—Maude of Bagdad; and over his grave the monument will be raised, to him and to his army that is with him. And whatever be the ultimate fate of the nations, whoever may eventually rule in Bagdad—that monument will be respected for all time. He achieved in his life a universal fame. He was a great soldier.

FIRST AMERICAN AEROPLANE REACHES FRANCE

When the United States entered the war there was a great deal of talk of the gigantic air fleet which the Americans would soon send to France. It was pointed out in STEAD'S at the time that to expect the rapid building of such a fleet was foolish, and only disappointment would come if we relied upon its early appearance. We now learn that it was not until February 26th that the first American-made aeroplanes were shipped in American harbours for transport to France. The first shipment, so we are informed, by the *Iron Age*, was small, but it is anticipated that, as quantity production has now begun, large numbers of machines will be quickly got across the Atlantic. General Wood, who recently visited the American front in France, gave evidence a few weeks ago before the Senate Committee on Military Affairs. He said:—

Not a single American fighting aeroplane was in use by the American forces in France. The Germans have the ascendancy in the air over the American lines, and the Americans are entirely dependent upon whatever aid in the way of machines the French are able to give them. The French airmen on either side of the American sector give what assistance they can, but they are often too closely occupied over their own trenches to afford adequate protection. At such times the German airmen fly at will over the American forces, sometimes coming down so low that our men fire at them with revolvers.

Vehement charges were made in the Senate by various Senators, who pointed

out that "although we have spent \$40,000,000 dollars for aeroplanes in the last year, we have not a fighting aeroplane in France." These attacks were met by the following statement by Senator Hitchcock, on behalf of the Government: According to *The Independent* (New York) he said that the Aircraft Production Board had now given every assurance that a certain number of combat or battleplanes of the highest type would be ready by July 1st. He went on, however:—

Last summer the Aircraft Production Board, in an excess of sanguine expectation, promised the country an enormous number of combat planes for a certain date of this year. There were to be 20,000 of them early in 1918. Later, this contemplated output was reduced to 17,000, then to 15,000, and now it is 2000 by July 1st.

During the continued debate in the Senate, the Government gave some additional information, and questions elicited the fact that, although the original programme called for the delivery in France of 12,000 combat planes by July 1st, the actual number it was hoped to have in France by that date was 37!

At various times in STEAD'S reference has been made to the immense difficulties encountered in the production of aeroplanes. The wood, the silk, the hemp, the lubricants, all demand considerable time for preparation, and then the engine has to be a standard one, and requires

months of testing. Secretary-of-War Baker gave a graphic picture recently of the difficulties overcome by American engineers and mechanics in building up this new industry. The planes included in the first shipment to France, he said, are equipped with the first Liberty motors for machine production. The final test of this engine was not made until last September, but since that date a number of plants has been equipped for turning out the motor on a very large scale. Only the 12-cylinder type is being made, as developments abroad have made it wise to concentrate on the high power engine, instead of the 8-cylinder one. He went on:—

After three years of warfare, the total number of planes able to take the air at any one time on either side of the western front has not been over 2500. This, combined with the fact that 46 men are required on the ground for every plane in the air, gives a truer perspective of the European aviation situation than is commonly possessed. At the outbreak of war, the first step, both in sequence and importance, was to build up an industry to rush out the training planes needed for the prospective aviators who were immediately, on hand. The ultimate goal, however, was the construction of a large fleet of battleplanes. The industry was rudimentary, with only one company, on an appreciable production basis and a dozen small experimental companies. The metal work was mostly done by hand, each machine built as a separate unit, and little attempt made to manufacture from dies, jigs or gauges. The estimates of the total value of the industry vary from 2,000,000 dollars to 10,000,000 dollars, and of employees from 500 to 10,000. The Government was practically the only purchaser, having ordered 366 planes the year before the war, of which only 66 were actually delivered.

The Secretary of War explained that when war came, the United States had practically no aeroplane engineering staff, and no modern fighting planes at all. He said, further, that the construction of the planes themselves presented a much more complex problem than that of engines, and he gave as an illustration of the extreme refinement of their manufacture that 23,000 screws were used in the making of a single machine, and 700 pieces of wood in a single wing, necessitating most expert workmanship and balance to secure the essential combination of lightness with strength. These things militated greatly against quantity production. He gave the following account of the difficulties in getting information.

The first step was to secure information from Europe. A commission was early sent

across and rushed back the last-minute details upon the strength of which a large number of fighting planes of a certain type was ordered. The raw materials were very largely in hand and the drawings within several days of completion when another cable said that this type had been superseded and should not be built. Nearly a month was thus lost.

Drawings then came for another type. They had just been redrawn for American manufacture and the die makers put to work when a second and different set arrived. The work done had to be cast aside and the process begun over again. Just as it was nearing completion, still a third set of drawings arrived, and a third start was necessary. The unavoidable loss of time was preferred to turning out a design known at the outset to be out of date.

The effect of separation from the battlefields by 3000 miles is further shown in that anywhere from 17 days to 11 weeks has been required to secure various important samples from abroad. Another three weeks' of day and night work is necessary to reduce these samples to drawings for American manufacture. It is significant of the rapid development of the art of aviation that not a single type of the original schedule has survived into the present programme.

A responsive channel of communication with the Allies has, he declared, now been opened, but only during the last month. The latest types have been adapted to American manufacture, the industry has increased at least twenty-fold, the problem of the training plane has been solved, and the production of battleplanes has begun. Secretary Baker stated that the great problem now remaining is to secure the thousands of skilled mechanics, enginemen, motor repairers, wood and metal workers, needed to keep the planes always in perfect condition. "Without a great engineering and mechanical force at the aerodromes, the flying fields, and the repair depots, both here and behind the lines in France, the planes turned out would soon be useless and the flyers helpless. He said:—

At best the life of a plane is but two months, and the engine must be overhauled after 75 hours, while a pilot on a plane allowed to leave the hangars in imperfect condition is as helpless as a bird with a broken wing. Now that American battleplanes are going overseas, a great increase in the volunteering of skilled mechanics is both essential and expected.

It is estimated that every aeroplane requires at the very least five skilled attendants in addition to the pilot. This means that the 20,000 aeroplane fleet, of which we spoke so confidently a year ago, would need at the very least 120,000 highly trained specialists in France, and,

in addition, their preparation would demand hundreds of thousands of specially skilled workmen in the aeroplane factories of America. The uncomfortable fact remains that after a year's effort only two or three battleplanes have been produced, and that even by the middle of

this year the most the Americans expect to get to France is 37. There is much more likelihood, though, of the more conservative promises now made being realised, as undoubtedly the industry has been put on a sound footing and quantitative production has begun.

FIGHTING WITH GAS.

The above title does not mean to refer to the attempts which have been made by certain well-known politicians to Win-the-war by making speeches, but to the developments which have taken place in gas warfare in Europe. Major Auld contributes a most interesting article on the subject to *The Journal of the Washington Academy*. The Major was formerly professor of agricultural chemistry at University College, Reading, and is now attached to the British Mission in the United States. He begins by correcting the idea that gas is just an incident, and that there is not as much attention being paid to it as there was two years ago. He declares that the amount that has been and is being hurled back and forth in shells and clouds is almost unbelievable. He fails to mention by the way that the American Delegates at the last Hague Conference spoke in favour of the use of gas, contending that as the killing of opponents was the object of warfare, it was actually less cruel to accomplish this end by poisonous gas fumes than by tearing bodies to bits by flying fragments of steel from exploding shells. Major Auld was one of the few experts who was present when the Germans first used gas in Flanders. He says:—

I happened to be present at the first gas attack, and saw the whole gas business from the beginning. The first attack was made in April, 1915. A deserter had come into the Ypres salient a week before the attack was made, and had told us the whole story. They were preparing to poison us with gas, and had cylinders installed in their trenches. No one believed him at all, and no notice was taken of it.

Then came the first gas attack, and the whole course of the war changed. That first attack, of course, was made against men who were entirely unprepared—absolutely unprotected. You have read quite as much about the actual attack and the battle as I could tell you, but the accounts are still remarkably meagre. The fellows who could have told most about it didn't come back. The Germans have claimed that we had 6000 killed and as many taken prisoners. They left a battlefield such as had never been seen before in warfare, ancient or modern, and one that has had

no compeer in the whole war except on the Russian front.

The method first used by the Germans, and retained ever since, is fairly simple, but requires great preparation beforehand. A hole is dug in the bottom of the trench close underneath the parapet, and a gas cylinder is buried in the hole. It is an ordinary cylinder, like that used for oxygen or hydrogen. It is then covered first with a quilt of moss, containing potassium carbonate solution, and then with sand bags. When the attack is to be made the sand bags and protecting cover are taken off the cylinder, and each cylinder is connected with a lead pipe, which is bent over the top of the parapet. A sand bag is laid on the nozzle to prevent the back "kick" of the outrushing gas from throwing the pipe back into the trench. Our own methods are practically identical with those first used by the Germans.

Major Auld gives us a detailed history of the use of gas clouds, in which wind and topography are conditions that need to be most carefully considered; he traces the development of gas masks and helmets from their very primitive prototypes; and he tells how the chlorine of the early attacks was replaced by phosgene, and the concentration of the latter steadily increased.

As regards the future of the gas cloud it may be looked upon as almost finished. There are so many conditions that have to be fulfilled in connection with it that its use is limited. It is very unlikely that the enemy will be able to spring another complete surprise with a gas cloud.

The case is different with gas shells. The gas shells are the most important of all methods of using gas on the western front, and are still in course of development. The enemy started using them soon after the first cloud attack. He began with the celebrated "tear" shells. A concentration of one part in a million of some of these lachrymators makes the eyes water severely. The original tear shells contained almost pure xylol bromide or benzyl bromide, made by brominating the higher fractions of coal-tar distillates.

The quantity of gas that can be sent over in shells is small. The average weight in a shell is not more than six pounds, whereas the German gas cylinders contain forty pounds of gas. To put over the same amount of gas as with gas clouds, say in five minutes per thousand yards of front, would require a prohibitive number of guns and shells. It becomes necessary to put the shells on definite targets,

and this, fortunately, the Germans did not realise at the Somme, although they have found it out since.

The use of gas out of a projectile has a number of advantages over its use in a gas cloud. First, it is not so dependent on the wind. Again, the gunners have their ordinary job of shelling, and there is no such elaborate and unwelcome organisation to put into the front trenches as is necessary for the cloud. Third, the targets are picked with all the accuracy of artillery fire. Fourth, the gas shells succeed with targets that are not accessible to high explosives or to gas clouds. Take, for instance, a field howitzer, dug into a pit with a certain amount of overhead cover for the men, who come in from behind the gun. The men are safe from splinters, and only a direct hit will put the gun out of action. But the gas will go in where the shell would not. It is certain to gas some of the men inside the emplacement. The crew of the gun must go on firing with gas masks on and with depleted numbers. Thus it nearly puts the gun out of commission, reducing the number of shots say from two rounds a minute to a round in two minutes, and may even silence it

entirely. Another example is a position on a hillside with dugouts at the back, just over the crest, or with a sunken road behind the slope. Almost absolute protection is afforded by the dugouts. The French tried three times to take such a position after preparation with high explosives and each assault failed. Then they tried gas shells and succeeded. The gas flows rapidly into such a dugout, especially if it has two or more doors.

The original lachrymatory shells were intended especially to cause annoyance and confusion, but gas-shell tactics have recently undergone great changes, and the aim now is to use substances which will poison as well as annoy.

Up to the present time there has been no material brought out on either side that can be depended on to go through the other fellow's respirator. The casualties are due to surprise or to lack of training in the use of masks. The mask must be put on and adjusted within six seconds, which requires a considerable amount of preliminary training, if it is to be done under field conditions.

THE EVILS OF SECRET DIPLOMACY.

Secret negotiations but open treaties, is the burden of Mr. Maurice Low's article in *The North American Review*. The recent publication of the highly important secret treaties by the Bolsheviks has caused much controversy and discussion concerning the evils of secret diplomacy. Mr. Balfour, nurtured them, defends secrecy. President Wilson, convinced of its evils, demands that one of the peace conditions shall be that secret diplomacy shall be abolished. Most people who have had anything at all to do with international agreements are convinced that it will be quite impossible to entirely do away with secrecy for, if everyone were taken into confidence, nothing would be achieved. Mr. Low clears away the difficulty for us by calling attention to the distinction between negotiations and consummation in the matter of secret diplomacy.

He points out that secret negotiation is not only proper, but in many cases absolutely essential. In fact, if negotiations were not kept secret, few treaties could be concluded and the negotiators would always be hampered. Suppose that Great Britain wished to acquire a strip of territory or a group of islands having strategic value, would it not be unwise for the Government to proclaim what it was after? If it got it at all, it would

probably be forced to pay an extravagant price.

As Mr. Low points out, the essence of a good bargain—and a treaty, it must be remembered, is only another name for a bargain—is secrecy and “a certain skill in affecting indifference.” The men who made the American Constitution knew this and gave the President power to negotiate treaties, but not to conclude them. In their judgment it was necessary to combine these prime requisites: Secrecy in negotiation, counsel after the negotiations have been concluded, and publicity when the Senate has assented.

Mr. Low concludes his article with an appeal to America to demand as one of the articles of the peace treaty to be signed at the end of the present war, a provision that in every country treaties shall like laws constitute the supreme law of the land, to be ratified by parliaments. Such a provision, he says, would appeal to the democracies of England, France, Italy and Russia, and would be championed by the enlightened republics of South America, whose constitutions have been so closely modelled on that of the United States.

It would do more to keep the world safe for democracy than any one other thing. It would be a greater protection against a repetition of the horrors of the last three years than paper disarmaments, theoretical freedom

of the seas, leagues of peace, or economic alliances. It would not bring Utopia, but it would make diplomacy honest, straightforward, clean; it would make almost impossible the chicanery, fraud, intrigue that for centuries have deluged Europe in blood and brought misery to its people, and there would be little further opportunity for a Hohenzollern or a Hapsburg, a Ferdinand or a Constantine, to make alliances for war unless with the authority and consent of their subjects.

In opening the subject, Mr. Low pays a well-deserved tribute to the wisdom of the framers of the Constitution of the United States who in the Sixth Article of that document wrote these words: "This Constitution, and the laws of the United States which shall be made in pursuance thereof; and all treaties made, or which shall be made, under the authority of the United States shall be the supreme law of the land." This, says Mr. Low, was "a blow struck at that mass of intrigue, deceit and dishonesty which for centuries the world had known as secret diplomacy, the most vicious, immoral and dangerous power seized by a ruler in defiance of the rights of his subjects."

By giving to treaties the same force as laws the framers of the American Constitution made it impossible that any President should by the exercise of a

prerogative, such as the European kings had employed, be able to contract secret alliances and commit the nation to costly campaigns, involving great sacrifices, without the people's consent. The Constitution put a treaty on the same footing as the law, and, like the law, it must be made public in order that its terms might be respected.

Every nation in turn has sought to secure advantage by means of a secret alliance, and every treaty of alliance solemnly entered into, declaring on the faith of kings that it would be loyally observed, invoking the name of the Most High or the Trinity, in the stilted language of diplomacy as witness to the sincerity of the high contracting parties, has been merely a scrap of paper, made for the advantage of the moment and broken without a qualm of conscience when a greater advantage was to be obtained. That is the stupendous folly of this diplomacy. Similar to the Bourbons who learned nothing and forgot nothing, the necromancers who practised the black art of secret diplomacy forgot everything and profited nothing by experience, otherwise how can one explain that king succeeded king, and minister followed minister, and yet this wretched farce went on, not for a period, not for years, but for centuries, and the tradition has been handed down to our own times; for have we not seen the Autocrat of Prussia and the Autocrat of all the Russias writing to each other in the language of school boys and secretly intriguing against the peace of their neighbours?

A SWISS JOURNAL ON AUSTRALIA'S WAR EFFORTS.

It is interesting to find a long account of Australia and the war in *The Bibliothèque Universelle*, of Lausanne. The article is written by Henry Tardent, an old Queensland journalist, of Swiss origin. He gives a brief comparison between British and German colonial policies, describes the measures taken for the establishment of an Australian navy, and points out that in the early days of federation a Swiss Colonel, Edward Secretan, sent letters and documents to Australia, relating to the organisation of the Swiss army, and states that these were used by the Queenslander, Colonel A. J. Thynne, and others to start an agitation, and how finally a defence scheme was adopted in Australia, which very closely followed the Swiss system of compulsory military service. He describes how our army was raised, and tells of its brilliant achieve-

ments in Gallipoli, Palestine and France. He says, "I do not know whether I am carried away by my patriotic enthusiasm and unbounded admiration, but it seems to me that in the splendid, spontaneous and voluntary effort of Australia there is not only an irrefutable proof of the superiority of the British system of liberty and autonomy as applied to the dependencies of our great Empire, but also something generous, grand, nay, epic, which cannot fail to appeal some day to the genius of the poets." Mr. Tardent describes at some length financial and economic measures, which have been adopted or proposed by the Federal and State Governments to promote production, prevent exploitation of consumers, etc., but he strongly criticises the submission of the question of conscription to a referendum of the people.

CATECHISM OF THE WAR—LXVIII.

Q.—Will the Germans get much manganese ore from Ukrania?

A.—There is no doubt that already the Germans have secured large supplies of this ore which is of vital importance for munition work, and of which Germany stood in sore need. Russia is the largest producer in the world, the greatest mines being in the Caucasus, at Tchiaturi, where half the world's supply was produced in pre-war days. Half of this used to be shipped to Germany from the port of Batum. At the end of 1916 it was known that there were 48,000 tons stored at this Black Sea port, and 723,000 tons at the mines. How far production continued during last year is not known, but it is certain that when the Turks captured Batum the other day they got great supplies of manganese ore, which no doubt were immediately transported to Germany. In 1913 429,000 tons of manganese ore, worth £399,800, were exported from Batum. In Ukrania itself, at Nikopol, on the Dnieper, there are large manganese ore deposits, and it was reported some time ago that owing to the fact that the Russian steel works were no longer working very large stocks of manganese ore had been stored at Nikopol. These, no doubt, have already reached German munition factories.

Q.—Have you any further particulars regarding the transfer of the German ships in Brazilian harbours to the French flag?

A.—The agreement was ratified by the French Parliament during the first week of March. The thirty German vessels in question were handed over to France for a period extending until March, 31st, 1919, for which hire the French Government is paying 110,000,000 francs. It also undertakes to buy Brazilian products to the value of 100,000,000 francs, and in addition 2,000,000 sacks of coffee at a price not exceeding 6 milreis per 10 kilos. This hiring out of enemy ships is likely to prove one of the most interesting things discussed at the peace conference. As often pointed out in these columns, the convention covering the use of enemy vessels found in harbour at the outbreak of war provides that these cannot be regarded as prizes of war, but may be used by the belligerent, who, however, must pay the owners for the use of the vessels, and must hand them

back after the war is over in good condition, or pay for their repairs. If this provision in the Hague Conventions, which, by the way, were agreed to by all nations there represented, is carried out to the letter, the German companies will ultimately receive an immense sum of money from the Allies, especially if the hire paid is based on the actual value of shipping during the war.

Q.—Have the Americans given any estimates concerning shipbuilding possibilities during this year?

A.—There have been no end of estimates as to what can be done. The original United States Shipping Board's programme called for the building of 6,000,000 tons during 1918. But it is now stated that "severe winter weather, labour troubles, transportation difficulties and inability to maintain a steady stream of material for building, have all militated against the programme, and together are responsible for an aggregate cut in the estimated production of at least two million tons, bringing the estimates from 6,000,000 to 4,000,000, and probably lower." It is said that Mr. Hurley, the chairman of the Shipping Board, still believes that 6,000,000 tons will be built during this year, but the general opinion expressed in the American papers is that unless there is some unlooked for speeding up the tonnage output this year will not exceed 3,000,000 tons, if indeed it reaches that high figure.

Q.—Could you tell me what tonnage was turned out last year?

A.—According to the figures given by the Shipping Board, American yards produced 600,000 tons in 1916, and 1,400,000 tons in 1917; but it is not clear whether these were launchings or deliveries, probably the former. If the 6,000,000 tons anticipated this year are to be completed, the monthly deliveries would have to amount to no less than 500,000 tons. We are told by Mr. Hurley, however, that the *deliveries* during the first three months only totalled 411,000 tons altogether. It is worth noting, too, that whilst 24 vessels were delivered in March, 35 were launched in that month. In the particulars given out by the Shipping Board, launchings deliveries, ships laid down and ships on order

are too often all mixed up, which makes the ascertaining of the actual position most difficult.

Q.—I saw a reference to an official American statement concerning the total losses of world shipping since the war began. Could you give me particulars of it?

A.—You probably refer to the analysis of the world shipping which is regarded as official, and was supplied by the National Committee of Patriotic Societies. Their statement was as follows:—

TONNAGE IN 1914, AND SUBSEQUENT ADDITIONS.

| | |
|--|-------------------|
| World's shipping (except German and Austrian) August 1, 1914 | 42,574,537 |
| Additional ships built August, 1914, to December, 1917 | 6,621,003 |
| German and Austrian vessels taken by Allies | 875,000 |
| Total tonnage of 1914, plus subsequent additions | 50,070,540 |

LOSSES SINCE 1914.

| | |
|--|-------------------|
| From August 1, 1914, to December 31, 1917. | |
| Losses due to ordinary wear and tear and shipwreck | 1,600,000 |
| Losses of Allies due to mines and submarines | 8,000,110 |
| Losses of Norway due to mines and submarines | 1,031,778 |
| Losses of other neutrals due to mines and submarines | 400,000 |
| Total losses | 11,031,897 |
| Balance, actual tonnage now available | 38,138,643 |

THE SITUATION NOW.

| | |
|--|------------------|
| World's tonnage in 1914 | 42,574,537 |
| Actual tonnage now available | 38,138,643 |
| Decrease in three years and five months | 4,435,894 |
| Add two tons constantly in commission to maintain each man in France (Secretary Baker's estimate, 1,500,000 x 2) | 3,000,000 |
| Present actual shortage | 7,435,894 |

Q.—Where do you get the estimate that it requires two tons constantly in commission to maintain one man in France?

A.—That estimate is the official one, made by Secretary of War Baker, but it is only right to add that most experts declare that a much higher tonnage is necessary to keep each combatant in France, and that the total American output of shipping during 1918 will not suffice to meet the per-

manent needs of the American army in Europe.

Q.—When were the Dutch ships in American harbours taken over by President Wilson?

He issued a proclamation on March 20th, directing the Secretary of the Navy to hoist the American flag on all the Dutch ships in the territorial waters of the United States. It is estimated that about 500,000 tons of Dutch shipping were thus taken over.

Q.—Did the Germans find any Russian warships in harbour when they took Odessa?

A.—It is said that there were fifteen warships there when the Germans came, and that these were all secured undamaged. General Moravieff, the Bolshevik commandant, before he left the city, levied an assessment of £2,000,000 on the population, and is said to have ordered a massacre of officials, capitalists, and bourgeoisie. Before these measures could be carried out, though, the Germans entered from the north, and the Bolsheviks made their escape on steamers to Sebastopol. It was hardly to be wondered at that the propertied classes hailed the arrival of the Germans with enthusiasm, as it put an end to the reign of terror under which they had been living. When the Germans captured Nikolaieff they obtained immense supplies of wheat. An American grain dealer who was recently there, estimated that there were at least five million bushels of wheat stored in the granaries of the town, which is the leading grain port of Russia. In addition, the Germans took possession of the naval yard, which covers 200 acres, and employs 10,000 men. Through trains from Berlin to Odessa were quickly running, and it is said that the German engineers are planning to construct a deep canal connecting the Vistula and the Dnieper rivers, so as to make an all-water route from the Baltic to the Black Sea. The cost of this project for a depth of 27 ft. is estimated to be £20,000,000.

Q.—Are most of the inhabitants of Courland Germans?

A.—No; four-fifths of the 700,000 inhabitants of the new Duchy are Letts, largely of the peasant class. The Germans comprise only about 8 per cent. of the population, but they hold most of the large estates and control the business of the country. There are about as many Jews there as Germans, but they live almost entirely in the cities. The Bavarian Colonisation Society, so it is said, contemplates send-

ing 50,000 German colonists into Cour-land in the near future.

Q.—Have the Germans added greatly to their rolling stock since the war began?

A.—According to *The Times* they have built 120,000 new freight cars and 5000 new engines. The extra mileage they have had to operate is as follow.

| | |
|-----------------------|------------|
| Belgium | 2700 miles |
| France | 929 „ |
| Poland and Russia ... | 5310 „ |
| Roumania | 1400 „ |
| Serbia | 750 „ |

That is roughly 11,000 milés, just about half of the total mileage of the railways of Great Britain. We do not know what Allied rolling stock the enemy captured, but presumably they secured all Serbia's and almost all Roumania's, which had not been destroyed.

Q.—What is the length of the Siberian Railway?

A.—That question and thousands of others are fully answered in STEAD'S WAR FACTS BOOK.

Q.—Is it true that Emanuel Leutze's famous picture, "Washington Crossing the Delaware," actually depicts him crossing the Rhine?

A.—That is apparently so. Reproductions of this painting hang in millions of American homes, and the recent disclosures concerning it are, to say the least, disconcerting. It now appears that the picture was painted on the banks of the Rhine instead of the Delaware, and all the figures in it are Germans of the neighbourhood. Leutze took infinite pains to reproduce the face of Washington and to copy with exactness the colonial uniform, but in spite of such pains the flag is that of a later date.

Q.—What is the "Alien Slacker" Bill?

A.—It is a measure adopted by Congress last March, which provides that subjects of nations allied with the United States who are within the military age fixed by their own Governments must waive exemption or be debarred from the country.

Q.—Is the woman's vote in America having much effect?

A.—It seems to be making many States "dry." At the recent municipal elections in Vermont, where women voted for the first time, the result was a reduction of licensed communities to ten, as compared with 18 last year. The women are held to be responsible for turning two of the largest cities in the State, Burlington and St. Albans, from "wet" to "dry."

Q.—Is ex-President Roosevelt, who was recently operated on, seriously ill?

A.—He is said to have quite recovered, but the operation has left him permanently deaf in his left ear. The famous American is now 60 years old.

Q.—Have the Americans adopted the principle of daylight saving?

A.—Last March Congress passed a Bill to save an hour of daylight for seven months of the year, and it has duly received the President's signature. The Bill provided that all the clocks in the country were to be set an hour ahead at 2 a.m. on Easter Sunday, March 31st, and set back again on the last Sunday in October. The United States thus followed the example of Germany, the first country to adopt this idea; of England, of France, and, indeed, of almost every European country.

Q.—Do the Americans publish detailed casualty lists?

A.—Yes, more detailed than those of any other country. For instance, the War Department issued the following statement of casualties among the American Expeditionary Force up to March 20th:—

| | |
|---------------------------|------|
| Killed in action | 157 |
| Killed by accident | 147 |
| Died of disease | 691 |
| Loss! at sea | 237 |
| Suicide | 11 |
| Unknown cause | 14 |
| Died of wounds | 39 |
| Executed | 1 |
| Civilians | 7 |
| Gassed | 6 |
| <hr/> | |
| Total deaths ... | 1310 |
| Wounded | 616 |
| Captured | 21 |
| Missing | 14 |

Grand Total ... 1961

Q.—Is Great Britain sending gold to Argentina to pay for the grain purchased there?

A.—The difficulty between Argentine and the Allies has always been that the Argentine Government insisted on gold payments, and pointed out that it was not in a position, like the United States, to raise a local loan and finance the necessary payments therewith. It seems, however, that for the latest purchase of 2,500,000 tons of grain, the Argentine Government has agreed to open a credit of 100,000,000 dollars of Argentine gold in favour of Great Britain and another for France. Great Britain is to pay interest on this at the rate of 5 per cent., and the Argentine Government will use the money to pay its

producers, who supply the grain. There is to be no direct payment of money from England or France to Argentine. The credit is practically a loan from the Argentine banks, and as it is anticipated that the purchases will cover several weeks or months the banks count on getting the money redeposited with them by the producers. They practically make 5 per cent. out of the British and French Governments. Like the Americans before they entered the war, the Argentines have insisted on our depositing securities equivalent to the amount utilised of the credits granted, that is to say, if 50,000,000 dols. worth of wheat are purchased in this way, Great Britain would have to deposit in Argentine 50,000,000 dols. worth of stocks, to be selected by the Argentine Government. No doubt this would take the form of British holdings in Argentine railways and the like.

Q.—Has the Bombing of Venice done much damage?

A.—Up to the end of February this year the city had sustained forty-five air attacks. All the most important buildings and objects of art had been carefully protected with sandbags and the like, but it is reported from London that a third of the houses in the city are in ruins.

Q.—Did the Russian Soviets ever reply to President Wilson's message of sympathy and encouragement which was sent to them in March?

A.—The President's message was read at the opening of the Soviet Congress and was received with applause. The following reply was drafted by the Central Executive committee:—

The Congress expresses its gratitude to the American people, above all to the labouring and exploited classes of the United States, for the sympathy expressed to the Russian people by President Wilson through the Congress of Soviets in the days of severe trials.

The Russian Socialistic Federative Republic of Soviets takes advantage of President Wilson's communication to express to all peoples perishing and suffering from the horrors of Imperialistic war its warm sympathy and firm belief that the happy time is not far distant when the labouring masses of all countries will throw off the yoke of capitalism and will establish a socialistic state of society which alone is capable of securing just and lasting peace as well as the culture and well being of all labouring people.

Q.—What does tonnage mean?

A.—A good deal of confusion has arisen concerning tonnage, as sometimes it is reckoned in one way, sometimes in another. In England, for instance, we always reckon

in *net tonnage*, the Americans appear to reckon in *deadweight tonnage*, and the Germans when they sink a ship no doubt reckon in gross tonnage. A *ton register* is the unit of capacity of a ship. All maritime nations now count this unit as 100 English cubic feet. The *gross tonnage* of a ship is the sum in cubic feet of all the various enclosed spaces in the vessel, divided by 100. The *net tonnage* is the gross tonnage less certain deductions on account of crew spaces, engine room, water ballast and other spaces not used for passengers or cargo. *Deadweight tonnage* is really carrying capacity, the number of tons of cargo that a vessel is capable of carrying when loaded down to the load water line. *Displacement tonnage* is the number of tons of sea-water displaced by a vessel when charged to the load water line. The tonnage of a warship is usually displacement tonnage. Therefore, the net tonnage of what is referred to as a 30,000 ton battlecruiser would be considerably less than this, whilst a 30,000 ton merchant ship would have a far higher tonnage displacement than that.

Q.—Could you tell me the exact amount of Dutch tonnage taken over by the Allies?

A.—The United States took possession of 68 Dutch ships, with a total tonnage of 470,000 tons, and Great Britain took over Dutch ships in her ports with a total tonnage of 400,000. Thus, altogether the Allies acquired 870,000 tons of Dutch shipping.

Q.—What is the largest German aeroplane?

A.—The largest of which we have particulars was a great biplane, which was brought down at sea. It was fitted with four 260-horse-power engines, with two propellers in front and two behind. The span of this machine was 130 feet, and it carried a crew of five men.

Q.—Could you give me particulars concerning the religion of the new American army?

A.—Full particulars are not available, but recently, owing to the rivalry between the Roman Catholics and the Methodists, a religious census was taken in sixteen of the great training camps, and it was found that the Roman Catholic proportion was 22 per cent. of the total enrolment and the Methodist 18 per cent. These are the two principal denominations in America, where the large number who own to no church at all are unclassified, whereas in the British army soldiers who do not claim other membership are all registered as Church of England.



OSCAR WILDE.*

A man's disciples may not be his fault but they are clearly his worst misfortune. It does not matter who they are, if it flashed into their minds that they have a vested interest in a hero they arrive at once at a virulent determination to exclude all admirers except on their own terms. Whether Christ is the man they exalt, or Shakespeare or Nietzsche or Freud or Oscar Wilde, the first act of disciples is to become possessive, to take it on themselves to permit no freedom of mind in regard to their idol. This may begin as the natural snappishness of the vulnerable and insecure, it soon settles into a more confident ownership and it ends by the disciples insisting on making the idol in their own image. To break that image then becomes the first necessity of all real perception or worship. The preliminary of true faith is iconoclasm.

It is because this iconoclasm is so badly needed in the case of Oscar Wilde that one hesitates to open any new book about him. The philistines did so much to destroy him that the slightest attack on him seems brutal, yet his disciples have shamelessly availed themselves of his disgrace to make criticism of him seem the cousin of cowardice. It is easier to avoid the subject altogether, a less conspicuous cowardice, a more comfortable evasion.

That kind of evasion, however, is needless in the face of Frank Harris's volumes. He has written neither for the disciples nor for the philistines. He has taken the subject in his own way, bent on a fair-and-square presentation of a complete complex personality, neither omitting nor extenuating in the interest of friend or foe. The great danger in Mr. Harris's case was a chivalry compounded partly of anger on Wilde's account and partly of anger on his own

—because Frank Harris's ardour against the philistines is not all disinterested, he has scores of his own to settle. But though the pangs of unrequited merit are never completely absent from Mr. Harris, his story is fascinating and only a man of courage could have written it. No one can doubt that it keeps imperishable for human and literary history the chief figure of an English epoch. Not only that. In lavishing his vitality on a life of Oscar Wilde, Frank Harris has dramatised the England of that group and moment in which Wilde reached his consummation and met his doom. The doom of Wilde is seized by Mr. Harris as a theme of common humanity, pitiful humanity, and it is the great distinction of his work that he does not allow the pathological aspect of Wilde to estrange the reader.

With the skill of a fine novelist Mr. Harris sets about the difficult task of depicting the brilliant eminence from which Oscar Wilde was to be flung down. The fact that Wilde's appearance filled him with distaste ("there was something oily and fat about him that repelled me") makes Mr. Harris's capitulation to his charm all the more interesting. "There was an extraordinary physical vivacity and geniality in the man, an extraordinary charm in his gaiety, and lightning-quick intelligence." The worth of this personal radiance to Mr. Harris was so great that we are enabled to see Wilde through his eyes from the witty beginnings of 1884 up to the dazzling success of 1891. Mr. Harris notes that Wilde's early plays and poems were as unimportant as his lectures. He shows the weak and the meretricious side of Wilde during those awkward years. But the man that attracted the attention of all London by 1891, winning admiration and discipleship as well as disapproval and malevolence, was a man whom Mr. Harris had completely accepted, and that

*"Oscar Wilde, his Life and Confessions." By Frank Harris. With a chapter by Bernard Shaw. Two volumes; 20/-.

acceptance was destined to survive the disclosures of the English criminal court and the ebbing of the fluid multitude which sways with the moon. It was in 1891 that Wilde met Lord Alfred Douglas. "Oscar was drawn by the lad's personal beauty, and enormously affected besides by Lord Alfred Douglas' name and position; he was a snob as only an English artist can be a snob." Douglas, 21 years old to Oscar's 36, adored Oscar as man and man of letters. The tragedy turned on their interplay of character. "Oscar was as yielding and amiable in character as the boy was self-willed, reckless, obstinate and imperious." Dominated by the youth, it was only three years before he quenched Wilde in squalor.

The truculence of Douglas's father, Queensberry, was notorious, and Queensberry set out to separate Wilde from Alfred Douglas. The father found his match in the venomous son; but when Wilde, prompted by Douglas, carried the war into Queensberry's camp, the result was ruin. Frank Harris narrates in marvellous detail the efforts he himself made to dissuade Wilde from an unequal battle. He knew that Queensberry and fatherhood were bound to win. Wilde, paralysed by actualities, could not obey his adviser. He allowed Douglas to urge him forward to fight Queensberry. The trials that sprang out of the original libel case were a blood sacrifice of Wilde to the graven images of England. His chance of "justice," as Mr. Harris shows, did not exist. He was doomed.

Wilde's imprisonment revealed to Mr. Harris some of the horrors of punitive justice, and his efforts in regard to his friend are as honourable to record as friendship can show. The drama subsequent to prison, however, exceeds the beginning in interest. For a time it looked as if Wilde had really come to simplicity and directness, but the forces against him were stronger than he was, and he slipped back to Lord Alfred Douglas and destruction. "I was born to sing the joy and pride of life," he pleaded to Mr. Harris, "the pleasure of living, the delight in everything beautiful in this most beautiful world, and they took me and tortured me till I learned pity and sorrow. Now I cannot sing the joy, heartily, because I know the suffering, and I was never made to sing of

suffering." "It never seemed to occur to him," says Mr. Harris, mournfully, "that he could reach a faith which should include both self-indulgence and renunciation in a larger acceptance of life."

Mr. Harris's subject is somewhat stifling. "One can scarcely fail," to borrow a phrase of W. Trotter's, "on coming into it from the bracing atmosphere of the biological sciences, to be oppressed by the odour of humanity with which it is pervaded." Still, the story as a whole raises the theme far above disciples and philistines alike, sets it on a tragic height and calls for pity as well as horror. As between George Meredith and Frank Harris, one feels it was Meredith who acted superficially and even anti-socially when he refused to sign the petition for shortening Wilde's imprisonment. The choice unfortunately seemed to lie between supporting the authorities and palliating Wilde's offence. Meredith could not palliate the offence, so he stood by the authorities. Imprisonment, however, could do little or nothing to meet the condition that horrified Meredith, and his horror kept him from seeing, as Harris saw, the brutality of the experience that Wilde was undergoing. Bernard Shaw maintains that Wilde suffered from an obscure disease called giantism, a kind of watering of a man's physical stock. This sounds accurate, but the whole story indicates a deep-seated psychic derangement that was, to a great degree, beyond self-help. Without the most exhaustive and subtle treatment, in other words, there was no hope for Oscar Wilde. Once he fell in with Alfred Douglas he became a moral Humpty-Dumpty. A friend like Frank Harris could divine this, could go vastly beyond George Meredith in perceiving that imprisonment was wrong for him, but even Frank Harris was misled by his high indignation against the moralists, he did not grasp the foolishness of applying mustard plasters to a deeply deranged Oscar Wilde. His gallantry is a pronounced part of the story. His efforts to put backbone into Wilde, to make him fight, to make him redeem himself according to his own law, to make him work—these show Frank Harris's mettle, but they also show the futility of expecting right conduct from a man whose will is contaminated and whose spirit is

snerled. What was the real cause of Wilde's weakness and viciousness? I believe that only modern science could have enabled him to discover it, could have done for him what his generous, brusque friend tried to do. No medicine man, of course, works miracles, but if a technic for the body makes all kinds of corrective work possible, a technic for the will is equally practicable, and without that technic Wilde's will could certainly not be reached. He became, as Shaw says, an unproductive drunkard and swindler, but his general lack of self-control was an old story. He drank hard soon after he left Oxford, and this was the early symptom of his poisoned will.

He was so intelligent and comedic, so suave and charming, that it is no wonder he went without interference until he was beyond help. Yet it seems to me clear that his work acquired an artificiality from that very conflict which he was carrying with so high a hand. Mr. Harris gives indisputable examples of the hardening of his insolence. Even before he hardened, however, he was manifestly striving to invert realities. In a philistine world this may seem the acme of sanity, but it is very different from the sanity of Wilde's biographer. A true rebel puts the world in the wrong for the world's sake, not his own. Wilde, on the contrary, fabricated a different world in order that he might more easily be himself—that imposing and

persuasive self which in the end tragically devoured him.

The admirable chapter which Bernard Shaw contributes to this book gives Mr. Harris's estimate of Wilde a complementary touch that was needed. "You are a man of dominant personality," Wilde told Mr. Harris in the best letter in the book, "your intellect is exigent, more so than that of any man I ever knew: Your demands on life are enormous: You require response, or you annihilate: the pleasure of being with you is in the clash of personality, the intellectual battle, the war of ideas. To survive you, one must have a strong brain, an assertive ego, a dynamic character. In your luncheon parties, in the old days, the remains of the guests were taken away with the debris of the feast." This is quite penetrating and fair. By virtue of it we have such extraordinary passages as the portrait of Queensberry. By virtue of it we also have violent reactions and sweeping judgments and such flights of taste as Wilde's private dissertations on his sexual ideal. It needed Bernard Shaw's cool sagacity to relieve this tone and to correct it. But the Harris portrait is indubitably fluent, colourful and sympathetic. Mr. Harris is something of an egoistic showman, but he has insight, bravery and feeling. He falters at nothing to complete his impression, not even at stretching his pliant imagination: but the impression is a living one, and will endure side by side with Oscar Wilde. F.H.

FINANCIAL AND BUSINESS QUARTER.

British paper currency has risen 52 per cent.; U.S.A. 46½ per cent., and German 510 per cent.

The imports to Britain in the year before the war were roughly 58,000,000 tons, whereas last year they were only 38,000,000 tons.

Before the war the overland imports of France amounted to 18,000,000 tons, but in 1916 they had dropped to 1,000,000 tons.

The total expenditure of France from August 1st, 1914, to December 31st,

1917, was £4,040,000,000, the net war outlay being £3,428,000,000.

Munitions to the value of £220,000,000 have been ordered from Canada through the Imperial Ministry of Munitions, of which £175,000,000 have been delivered.

Great Britain provides France every four weeks with the following steel materials:—2900 tons plates, 15,260 tons of sheets, 3600 tons of sections and joists and 4190 tons of rounds, squares and joints.

The output of coal in Britain in 1917 (despite the fact that over 282,000

miners had been withdrawn) was 247,000,000 tons, as compared with 289,000,000 tons in 1913.

Manufactures exported from U.S.A. during the first nine months of 1917 were more than four times as great in value as in the same months of 1914, the totals being 3,020,000,000 dollars and 728,000,000 dollars respectively.

Contrasting 1860 with 1910, the area under crops other than hay and clover in Ireland, declined 47 per cent. from 4,375,000 to 2,404,000 acres. In the same period the area under grass increased 31 per cent. from 9,480,000 acres to 12,456,000 acres.

At the commencement of the war Ireland had only 14 per cent. of her farming land under cultivation, and the tendency was towards further contraction. The number of people engaged in agriculture in Ireland is about 45 per cent., and in England about 11 per cent.

During 1917 the United States Treasury is stated to have purchased about 20,500,000 ozs. of fine silver out of a total production of 74,244,500 fine ozs. Of the silver so purchased practically all was coined and the seigniorage on it netted the Government 5,406,158 dollars.

There were in U.S.A. about 1,500,000 lbs. of commercial sugar stocks on hand on August 31st, 1917, comparing with 2,000,000,000 lbs. on the corresponding date in 1916. The amount of sugar consumed in 1917 was about 88.3 lbs. per capita, whereas the annual consumption for the five-year period ended in 1916 was 84.7 lbs. per head.

The Irish output of iron-ore which has shown a steady decrease in the last 40 years, amounted in the 12 months ended December 16th last to only 12 per cent. of the output of the year 1880. In that year the production was 239,323 tons, and in 1916 30,678 tons. The retrograde state of the industry is attributed in the main to the competition of foreign ores of higher grade, and also to the remoteness of the Irish districts.

According to an official statement recently made public, the National Banks of the United States hold comparatively few bonds of the enemy Governments, the figures showing that on December 31st banks had 280,653,000 bonds of foreign Governments, of the total only 709,000 dollars being securities of Germany or Austria-Hungary. Other foreign securities held by the banks amounted to 69,990,000 dollars, making the total of foreign securities 350,644,000 dollars, as compared with 297,236,000 dollars on November 17th, 1916, and 158,500,000 dollars on May 1st, 1916.

As there is some scepticism of the profits of the Ford Motor Company (says the London *Financial Times*) the following figures of the materials used in the manufacture of the Ford cars in 1915, when a dividend of 500 per cent. (about £2,000,000 cash) was declared, will be interesting:—102,000 tons of steel, 925,000 lamps, 740,000 wheels and tyres, 6,000,000 lbs. of hair for upholstery work, and the hides of over 277,500 cattle. The production of cars the first year of Mr. Henry Ford's enterprise was 195, compared with 180,149 in 1913, 221,888 in 1914, and over 300,000 in 1915. It should, of course, be noted that the capital of the company was increased from about £400,000 in June, 1915, by the payment of a stock dividend of approximately £9,600,000, the latter representing a division of surplus. Of the authorised capital of £20,000,000, about £10,000,000 was outstanding in 1915.

The National Debt of Great Britain at the end of March, 1914, amounted to £707,000,000. A white paper dealing with the abstract account of the consolidated fund for the year 1916-17 shows that the total capital of the National Debt was increased during the financial year by £1,878,298,264, and on March 31st last stood at £4,011,445,908. The interest of the funded debt, which, in the year 1915-16, was reduced to £12,934,405 was further reduced in 1916-17 to £7,965,586 on account of the exercise of conversion rights under the War Loan Act 1915. The interest of the unfunded debt, however, was increased from £4,330,772 to £8,630,482, mainly owing to the larger volume of borrowing on ways and means advances.

The Winds of Chance

By REX BEACH.

Author of "The Barrier," "The Iron Trail," "The Ne'er-do-well," "The Silver Horde," etc.

SYNOPSIS.

Pierce Phillips reaches Alaska in a gold rush, but finds he is not allowed to cross the Canadian frontier unless possessed of a thousand dollars. After a desperate attempt to increase his scanty earnings by gambling, whereby he loses all he had, he hires himself out as a "Packer" over the Chilkoot Pass. On one of his trips he meets a cheerful giant, Poleon Doret and Tom Linton, an elderly man engaged in packing goods to his tent at Linderman. Arrived there, they find it occupied by a beautiful, but entirely self-possessed, Norse woman who gives her name as the Countess Courteau. She engages Pierce, as carrier to Sheep's camp. There they part and he proceeds to the tent of the Brothers McCaskey, where he lives. There he is told that the thousand dollars he had saved had been stolen from Jim, the younger brother, on his way to Dyea. Before he can do anything the Vigilance Committee enter the tent and hale Pierce and the brothers away on a charge of stealing a bag of rice. The self-appointed judges are on the eve of passing sentence of death on Pierce when the opportune arrival of the Countess and Doret enables him to prove an alibi. The two McCaskeys are condemned to forty lashes each. To escape this Jim, the younger, makes a dash for freedom, and is shot dead. His brother Joe considers that Pierce is responsible for his brother's death and his own flogging, and vows vengeance. Pierce goes to Dyea and becomes the Countess's manager in her undertaking of transporting all a hotel fittings to Dawson city before the ice comes. The first move is to pull down the hotel. On the scene of demolition comes "One-armed" Kirby, a noted gambler, with his daughter Roulette and his *Pides* Achetes Danny Royal. "One-arm" is engaged in running liquor through to Dawson. Royal manages to bribe the Indian carriers, who dump Pierce's packs and take those of Kirby instead. The Countess, however, overcomes the difficulty in characteristic manner. Both parties finally arrive at the sinister Miles Canyon, one of the terrors in the path of the early Klondikers. The Countess determines to attempt its passage, carrying her goods in several small boats. Kirby prefers to pin his faith to a large and heavily built scow. Meantime Pierce declares his passion for the Countess who, although she postpones any discussion of marriage, admits that she loves him. After a terrific struggle Pierce and his party, piloted by Poleon Doret, get safely through the Canyon. Danny Royal, weighed down with a sense of foreboding, confesses his dread of the passage, but Kirby tells Roulette that if he can only get through and reach Dawson City with his cargo of rum, he would quit the gambling business altogether. Immensely rejoiced, she resolves to attempt the trip with the men. Royal contemptuously refuses to engage Poleon Doret as pilot, having already arranged with another man to help him, but "It's got my goat," he confesses to himself. The large and unwieldy scow comes to grief in the rapids, and Royal and the crew are drowned. Kirby and Roulette are, however, rescued by Doret and Pierce. The Countess takes Roulette to her tent, but she will not stay, being terrified about her father who, overcome by the loss of his entire cargo and horrified at the death of Royal, has begun to drink deeply. Roulette staggers out into the night in her sodden clothes and finally finds Kirby in a saloon. He refuses to leave with her and she remains, shivering and wretched, dreading what will happen, for she knows that, when in liquor there are no lengths to which her father will not go. She follows him from saloon to saloon, in one of which she is insulted. Kirby realises this, and almost kills the man, who, however, escapes. Roulette, with teeth chattering and

shaking with fever, still refuses to seek shelter with the Countess, and her father finally installs her by a saloon stove, and wanders forth determined to avenge the insult which had been offered her. Meanwhile Pierce, deeply in love with the Countess, urges her to marry him. Whilst admitting her passionate love for him, she informs him that her husband is still alive, and he flings out into the night with his ideal shattered, his heart broken, determined to abandon himself to despair.

CHAPTER XVIII.

PIERCE PHILLIPS'S life was ruined. He was sure of it. Precisely what constituted a ruined life, just how much such a one differed from a successful life, he had only the vaguest idea, but his own, at the moment, was tasteless, spoiled. Dire consequences were bound to follow such a tragedy as this, so he told himself, and he looked forward with gloomy satisfaction to their realisation; whatever they should prove to be, however terrible the fate that was to overtake him, the guilt, the responsibility therefore, lay entirely upon the heartless woman who had worked the evil, and he earnestly hoped they would be brought home to her.

Yes, the Countess Courteau was heartless, wicked, cruel. Her unsuspected selfishness, her lack of genuine sentiment, her cool, calculating caution, were shocking; Pierce had utterly misread her at first, that was plain.

That he was really hurt, deeply distressed, sorely aggrieved, was true enough, for his love—infatuation, if you will—was perfectly genuine and exceedingly vital. Nothing is more real, more vital than a normal boy's first infatuation, unless it be the first infatuation of a girl; precisely wherein it differs from the ripier, less demonstrative affection that comes with later years and wider experience is not altogether plain. Certainly it is more spontaneous, more poignant; certainly it has in it equal possibilities for good or evil. How deep or how disfiguring the scar it leaves depends entirely upon the healing process. But, for that matter, the same applies to every heart affair.

Had Phillips been older and wiser, he would not have yielded so readily to despair; experience would have taught him that a woman's no is not a refusal; wisdom would have told him that the absolute does not exist. But being neither experienced nor wise, he mistook the downfall of his castle for the wreck of the universe, and it never occurred to him that he could salvage something, or, if need be, rebuild upon the same foundations.

What he could neither forget nor forgive at this moment was the fact that Hilda had not only led him to sacrifice his honour, or its appearance, but also that when he had managed to reconcile himself to that wrong she had lacked the courage to meet him halfway. There were but two explanations of her action: either she was weak and cowardly, or else she did not love him. Neither afforded much consolation.

In choosing a course of conduct no man is strong enough to divorce himself entirely from his desires, to follow the light of pure reason, for memories, impulses, yearnings are bound to bring confusion. Although Pierce told himself that he must renounce this woman—that he had renounced her—nevertheless he recalled with a thrill the touch of her bare arms and the perfume of her streaming golden hair as he had buried his face in it, and the keenness of those memories caused him to cry out. The sex-call had been stronger than he had realised, therefore to his present grief was added an inescapable, almost irresistible feeling of physical distress—a frenzy of balked desire—which caused him to waver irresolutely, confusing the issue dreadfully.

For a long time he wandered through the night, fighting his animal and his spiritual longings, battling with irresolution, striving to reconcile himself to the crash that had overwhelmed him. More than once he was upon the point of rushing back to the woman and pouring out the full tide of his passion in a desperate attempt to sweep away her doubts and her apprehensions. What if she should refuse to respond? He would merely succeed in making himself ridiculous and in sacrificing what little appearance of dignity he retained. Thus pride prevented, uncertainty paralysed him.

Some women, it seemed to him, not bad in themselves, were born to work

evil, and evidently Hilda was one of them. She had done her task well in this instance, for she had thoroughly blasted his life! He would pretend to forget, but nevertheless he would see to it that she was undeceived, and that the injury she had done him remained an ever-present reproach to her. That would be his revenge. Real forgetfulness, of course, was out of the question. How could he assume such an attitude? As he pondered the question he remembered that there were artificial aids to oblivion. Ruined men invariably took to drink. Why shouldn't he attempt to drown his sorrows? After all, might there not be real and actual relief in liquor? After consideration he decided to try it.

From a tent saloon near by came the sounds of singing and of laughter, and thither he turned his steps. When he entered the place a lively scene greeted him. Somehow or other a small portable organ had been secured, and at this a bearded fellow in a mackinaw coat was seated. He was playing a spirited accompaniment for two women, sisters evidently, who sang with the loud abandon of professional "coon shouters." Other women were present, and Phillips recognised them as members of that theatrical troupe he had seen at Sheep Camp—as those "actresses" to whom Tom Linton had referred with such elaborate sarcasm. All of them, it appeared, were out for a good time, and in consequence White Horse was being treated to a free concert.

The song ended in a burst of laughter and applause, the men at the bar pounded with their glasses and there was a general exodus to it. One of the sisters flung herself enthusiastically upon the volunteer organist, and dragged him with her. There was much hilarity and a general atmosphere of license and unrestraint.

Phillips looked on moodily; he frowned; his lip curled. All the world was happy, it seemed, while he nursed a broken heart. Well, that was in accord with the scheme of things—life was a mad, topsy-turvy affair at best, and there was nothing stable about any part of it. He felt very grim, very desperate, very much abused and very much outside all this merriment.

Men were playing cards at the rear of the saloon and among the number was Sam Kirby. The old gambler showed

no signs of his trying experience of the afternoon; in fact, it appeared to have been banished utterly from his mind. He was drinking and, even while Pierce looked on, he rapped sharply with his iron hand to call the bartender's attention. Meanwhile he scanned intently the faces of all newcomers.

When the crowd had surged back to the organ Pierce found a place at the bar and called for a drink of whisky—the first he had ever ordered. This was the end, he told himself.

He poured the glass nearly full, then he gulped the liquor down. It tasted much as it smelled, hence he derived little enjoyment from the experience. As he stripped a bill from his sizeable roll of bank notes, the bartender eyed him curiously and seemed upon the point of speaking, but Pierce turned his shoulder.

After perhaps five minutes the young man acknowledged a vague disappointment; if this was intoxication there was mighty little satisfaction in it, he decided, and no forgetfulness whatever. He was growing dizzy, to be sure, but aside from that and from the fact that his eyesight was somewhat uncertain, he could feel no unusual effect. Perhaps he expected too much; perhaps, also, he had drunk too sparingly. Again he called for the bottle, again he filled his glass, again he carelessly displayed his handful of paper currency.

Engaged thus, he heard a voice close to his ear; it said:

"Hello, man!"

Pierce turned to discover that a girl was leaning with elbows upon the plank counter at his side and looking at him. Her chin was supported upon her clasped fingers, she was staring directly into his face.

She eyed him silently for a moment during which he returned her unsmiling gaze. She dropped her eyes to the whisky glass, then raised them again to his.

"Can you take a drink like that and not feel it?" she enquired.

"No. I want to feel it; that's why I take it," he said gruffly.

"What's the idea?"

"Idea? Well, it's my own idea—my own business."

The girl took no offence, she maintained her curious observation of him; she appeared genuinely interested in ac-

quainting herself with a man who could master such a phenomenal quantity of liquor. There was mystification in her tone when she said:

"But—I saw you come in alone. And now you're drinking alone."

"Is that a reproach? I beg your pardon." Pierce swept her a mocking bow. "What will you have?"

Without removing her chin from its resting-place, the stranger shook her head shortly, so he downed his beverage as before. The girl watched him interestedly as he paid for it.

"That's more money than I've seen in a month," said she. "I wouldn't be so free and easy with it, if I were you."

"No? Why not?"

She merely shrugged and continued to study him with that same disconcerting intentness—she reminded him of a frank and curious child.

Pierce noticed now that she was a very pretty girl, and quite appropriately dressed, under the circumstances. She wore a boy's suit, with a short skirt over her knickerbockers, and since she was slim, the garments added to her appearance of immaturity. Her face was oval in outline, and it was of a perfectly uniform olive tint; her eyes were large and black and velvety, their lashes were long, their lids were faintly smudged with a shadowy under-colouring that magnified their size and intensified their brilliance. Her hair was almost black, nevertheless it was of fine texture; a few unruly strands had escaped from beneath her fur cap and they clouded her brow and temples. At first sight she appeared to be foreign, and of that smoky type commonly associated with the Russian idea of beauty, but she was not foreign, not Russian, nor were her features predominantly racial.

"What's your name?" she asked suddenly.

Pierce told her. "And yours?" he inquired.

"Laure."

"Laure what?"

"Just Laure—for the present."

"Humph! You're one of this—theatrical company, I presume." He indicated the singers across the room.

"Yes. Morris Best hired us to work in his place at Dawson."

"I remember your outfit at Sheep Camp. Best was nearly crazy——"

"He's crazier now than ever." Laure smiled for the first time and her face lit up with mischief. "Poor Morris! We lead him around by his big nose. He's deathly afraid he'll lose us, and we know it, so we make his life miserable." She turned serious abruptly, and with a candour quite startling, said: "I like you."

"Indeed!" Pierce was nonplussed.

The girl nodded. "You looked good to me when you came in. Are you going to Dawson?"

"Of course. Everybody is going to Dawson."

"I suppose you have partners?"

"No!" Pierce's face darkened. "I'm alone—very much alone." He undertook to speak in a hollow, hopeless tone.

"Big outfit?"

"None at all. But I have enough money for my needs and—I'll probably hook up with somebody." Now there was a brave but cheerless resignation in his words.

Laure pondered for a moment; even more carefully than before she studied her companion. That the result satisfied her she made plain by saying.

"Morris wants men. I can get him to hire you. Would you like to hook up with us?"

"I don't know. It doesn't much matter. Will you have something to drink now?"

"Why should I? They don't give any percentage here. Wait! I'll see Morris and tell you what he says." Leaving Pierce, the speaker hurried to a harassed little man of Hebraic countenance who was engaged in the difficult task of chaperoning this unruly aggregation of talent. To him she said:

"I've found a man for you, Morris."

"Man?"

"To go to Dawson with us. That tall, good-looking fellow at the bar."

Mr. Best was bewildered. "What ails you?" he queried. "I don't want any men, and you know it."

"You want this fellow, and you're going to hire him."

"Am I? What makes you think so?"

"Because it's—him or me," Laure said calmly.

Mr. Best was both surprised and angered at this cool announcement. "You mean, I s'pose, that you'll quit," he said belligerently.

"I mean that very thing. The man has money——"

Best's anger disappeared as if by magic; his tone became apologetic. "Oh! Why didn't you say so? If he'll pay enough and if you want him, why of course——"

Laure interrupted with an unexpected flash of temper. "He isn't going to pay you anything; you're going to pay him—top wages, too. Understand?"

The unhappy recipient of this ultimatum raised his hands in a gesture of despair. "Gott! There is no understanding you girls! There's no getting along with you, either. What's on your mind, eh? Are you after him or his coin?"

"I—don't know." Laure was gazing at Phillips with a peculiar expression. "I'm not sure. Maybe I'm after both. Will you be good, and hire him, or——"

"Oh, you've got me," Best declared with frank resentment. "If you want him, I s'pose I'll have to get him for you, but——" He muttered an oath under his breath, "—you'll ruin me. Himmel! I'll be glad when you're all in Dawson and at work."

After some further talk, the manager approached Phillips and made himself known. "Laure tells me you want to join our troupe," he began.

"I'll see that he pays you well," the girl urged. "Come on."

Phillips' thoughts were not quite clear, but even so the situation struck him as grotesquely amusing. "I'm no soft-and-dance man," he said with a smile. "What would you expect me to do? Play a mandolin?"

"I don't know exactly," Best replied. "Maybe you could help me ride herd on these Bernhards." He ran a hand through his thin black hair, thinner now by half than when he left the States. "If you could do that, why—you could save my reason."

"He wants you to be Simon Legree," Laure explained.

The manager seconded this statement by a nod of his head. "Sure! Crack the whip over 'em. Keep 'em in line. Don't let 'em get married. I thought I was wise to hire good-lookers but—I was crazy. They smile and they make eyes and the men fight for 'em. They steal 'em away. I've had a dozen battles and every time I've been licked. Already

four of my girls are gone—if I lose four more I can't open; I'll be ruined. Oy! Such a country! Every day a new love affair; every day more trouble——”

Laure threw back her dark head and laughed in mischievous delight. “It's a fact,” she told Pierce. “The best Best gets is the worst of it. He's not our manager, he's our slave; we have lots of fun with him.” Stepping closer to the young man she slipped her arm within his, and, looking up into his face, said, in a low voice: “I knew I could fix it, for I always have my way. Will you go?” When he hesitated she repeated: “Will you go with me or—shall I go with you?”

Phillips started. His brain was fogged and he had difficulty in focusing his gaze upon the eager, upturned face of the girl, nevertheless he appreciated the significance of this audacious enquiry, and there came to him the memory of his recent conversation with the Countess Courteau. “Why do you say that?” he queried after a moment. “Why do you want me to go?”

Laure's eyes searched his, there was an odd light in them, and a peculiar intensity which he dimly felt but scarcely understood. “I don't know,” she confessed. She was no longer smiling, and, although her gaze remained hypnotically fixed upon his, she seemed to be searching her own soul. “I don't know,” she said again, “but you have a—call.”

In spite of this young woman's charms, and they were numerous enough, Phillips was not strongly drawn to her; resentment, anger, his rankling sense of injury, all these left no room for other emotions. That she was interested in him, he still had sense enough to perceive; her amazing proposal, her unmis-takable air of proprietorship, showed that much, and, in consequence, a sort of malicious triumph arose within him. Here, right at hand, was an agency of forgetfulness, more potent by far than the one to which he had first turned. Dangerous? Yes. But his life was ruined. What difference then whether oblivion came from alcohol or from the drug of the poppy? Deliberately he shut his ears to inner warnings; he raised his head defiantly.

“I'll go,” said he.

“We leave at daylight,” Best told him, as he turned away.

CHAPTER XIX.

WITH 'Poleon Doret, to be busy was to be contented, and these were busy times for him. His daily routine, with trap and gun, had made of him an early riser, and had bred in him a habit of greeting the sun with a song. It was no hardship for him, therefore, to cook his breakfast by candle-light, especially now that the days were growing short. On the morning after his rescue of Sam Kirby and his daughter 'Poleon washed his dishes and cut his wood; then, finding that there was still an hour to spare before the light would be sufficient to run Miles Canon, he lit his pipe and strolled up to the village. The ground was now white, for considerable snow had fallen during the night; the day promised to be extremely short and uncomfortable. 'Poleon, however, was impervious to weather of any sort; his good humour was not dampened in the least.

Even at this hour the saloons were well patronised, for not only was the camp astir, but also the usual stale crowd of all-night loiterers were not yet sufficiently intoxicated to go to bed. As 'Poleon neared the first resort, the door opened and a woman emerged. She was silhouetted briefly against the illumination from within, and the pilot was surprised to recognise her as Rouletta Kirby. He was upon the point of speaking to her when she collided blindly with a man who had preceded him by a step or two.

The fellow held the girl for an instant and helped her to regain her equilibrium, exclaiming with a laugh: “Say! What's the matter with you, sister? Can't you see where you're going?” When Rouletta made no response the man continued in an even friendlier tone: “Well, I can see; my eyesight's good, and it tells me you're about the best-looking dame I've run into to-night.” Still laughing, he bent his head as if to catch the girl's answer. “Eh? I don't get you. Who d'you say you're looking for?”

'Poleon was frankly puzzled. He resented this man's tone of easy familiarity and, about to interfere, he was restrained by Rouletta's apparent indifference. What ailed the girl? It was too dark to make out her face, but her voice, oddly changed and unnatural, gave him cause

for wonderment. Could it be——? 'Poleon's half-formed question was answered by the stranger, who cried in mock reproach: "Naughty! Naughty! You've had a little too much, that's what's the matter with you. Why, you need a guardian." Taking Rouletta by the shoulders the speaker turned her about so that the dim half-light that filtered through the canvas wall of the tent saloon shone full upon her face.

'Poleon saw now that the girl was indeed not herself; there was a childish, vacuous expression on her face; she appeared to be dazed and to comprehend little of what the man was saying. This was proved by her blank acceptance of his next insinuating words: "Say, it's lucky I stumbled on to you. I been up all night and so have you. S'pose we get better acquainted. What?"

Rouletta offered no objection to this proposal; the fellow slipped an arm about her and led her away, meanwhile pouring a confidential murmur into her ear. They had proceeded but a few steps when 'Poleon Doret strode out of the gloom and laid a heavy hand upon the man.

"My frien'," he demanded brusquely, "w're you takin' dis lady?"

"Eh?" The fellow wheeled sharply. "What's the idea? What is she to you?"

"She ain't not'in' to me. But I seen you plenty tam's an'—you ain't no good."

Rouletta spoke intelligibly for the first time; "I've no place to go—no place to sleep. I'm very—tired."

"There you've got it," the girl's self-appointed protector grinned. "Well, I happen to have room for her in my tent." As Doret's fingers sank deeper into his flesh the man's anger rose; he undertook to shake off the unwelcome grasp. "You leggo! You mind your own business——"

"Dis goin' be my biznesse," 'Poleon announced. "Dere's somet'ing fenny 'bout dis——"

"Don't get funny with me. I got as much right to her as you have——"

'Poleon jerked the man off his feet, then flung him aside as if he were unclean. His voice was hoarse with disgust when he cried:

"Get out! Beat it! By gar, you ain't fit for touch decent gal. You spik wit' her again, I tear you in two piece!"

Turning to Rouletta he said: "Mam'selle, you lookin' for your papa, eh?"

Miss Kirby was clasping and unclasping her fingers, her face was strained, her response came in a mutter so low that 'Poleon barely caught it:

"Danny's gone—gone—— Dad, he's —— No use fighting it—— It's the drink—and there's nothing I can do."

It was 'Poleon's turn to take the girl by the shoulders and wheel her about for a better look at her face. A moment later he led her back into the saloon. She was so oddly obedient, so docile, so unquestioning that he realised something was greatly amiss. He laid his hand against her flushed cheek and found it to be burning hot, whereupon he hastily consulted the nearest bystanders. They agreed with him that the girl was indeed ill—more than that, she was soon delirious.

"Sacre! W'at she's doin' 'roun' a saloon lak dis?" he indignantly demanded. "How come she's gettin' up biffore daylight, eh?"

It was the bartender who made plain the facts: "She ain't been to bed at all, Frenchy. She's been up all night, ridin' herd on old Sam Kirby. He's drinkin', understand? He tried to get some place for her to stay, along about midnight, but—there wasn't any. She's been settin' there alongside of the stove for the last few hours and I been sort of keepin' an eye on her for Sam's sake."

Doret breathed an oath. "Dat's nice fader, she's got! I wish I let 'im drown."

"Oh, he ain't exactly to blame. He's on a bender—like to of killed a feller in here. Somebody'd ought to take care of this girl till he sobers up."

During this conference the girl stood quivering, her face a blank, completely indifferent to her surroundings. 'Poleon made her sit down, and but for her ceaseless whispering she might have been in a trance.

Doret's indignation mounted as the situation became plain to him.

"Fine t'ing!" he angrily declared. "W'at for you fellers leave dis seeck gal settin' up, eh? Me, I come jus' in tam for catch a loafer makin' off wit' her." Again he swore savagely. "Dere's some feller ain't wort' killin'. Wal, I got good warm camp; I tak' her dere, den I fin' dis fader."

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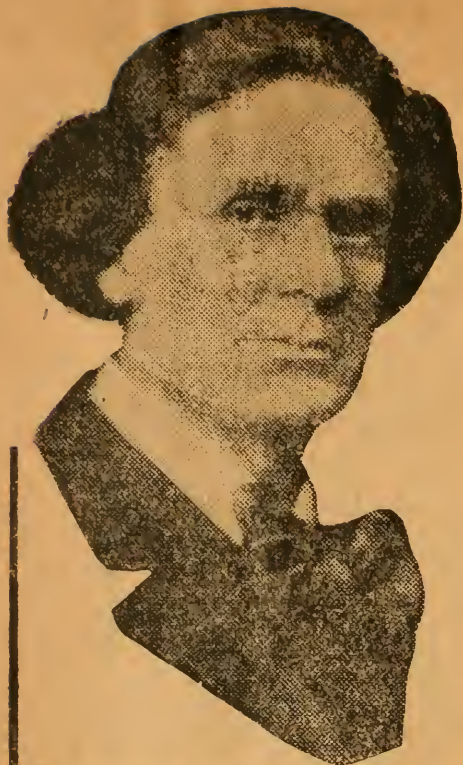
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"Sam won't be no good to you. What she needs is a doctor, and she needs him quick," the bartender averred.

"Eh bien! I fin' him, too. Mam'selle —" 'Poleon turned to the girl; "you're bad seeck, dat's fac'. You care for stop in my tent?" The girl stared up at him blankly, uncomprehendingly; then, drawn doubtless by the genuine concern in his troubled gaze, she raised her hand and placed it in his. She left it there, the small fingers curling about his big thumb like those of a child. "Poor li'l bird!" The woodman's brow puckered, a moisture gathered in his eyes. "Dis is hell, for sure. Come den, *ma petite*, I fin' a nes' for you." He raised her to her feet; then, removing his heavy woollen coat, he placed it about her frail shoulders. When she was snugly buttoned inside the coat, he led her out into the dim grey dawn; she went with him obediently.

As they breasted the swirling snow-flakes, Doret told himself that, pending Sam Kirby's return to sanity, this sick girl needed a woman's care quite as much as a doctor's; naturally his thoughts turned to the Countess Courteau. Of all the women in White Horse, the Countess alone was qualified to assume charge of an innocent child like this, and he determined to call upon her as soon as he had summoned medical assistance.

When, without protest, Rouletta followed him into his snug living quarters, Doret thought again of the ruffian from whom he had rescued her, and again he breathed a malediction. The more fully he became aware of the girl's utter helplessness, the angrier he grew, and the more criminal appeared her father's conduct. White Horse made no pretence at morality, it was but a relay station, a breathing-point where the mad rush to the Klondike paused; there was neither law nor order here; the women who passed through were, for the most part, shameless creatures; the majority of the men were unruly, unresponsive to anything except an appeal to their animal appetites. Sympathy, consideration, chivalry had all but vanished in the heat of the great stampede. That Sam Kirby should have abandoned his daughter to such as these was incredible, criminal. Mere intoxication did not excuse it, and 'Poleon vowed he would give the old

man a piece of his mind at the first opportunity.

His tent was still warm; a few sticks of dry spruce caused the little stove to grow red; he helped Rouletta to lie down upon his bed, then he drew his blankets over her.

"You stay here li'l while, eh?" He rested a comforting hand upon her shoulder. "'Poleon goin' find your papa now; bimeby you goin' feel better."

He was not sure that she understood him, for she continued to mutter under her breath and began to roll her head as if in pain. Then he summoned all the persuasiveness he could. "Dere now, you're safe in 'Poleon's house; he mak' you well, dam' queeck."

A good many people were stirring when the pilot climbed once more to the stumpy clearing where the village stood, and whomsoever he met he questioned regarding Sam Kirby; it did not take him long to discover the latter's whereabouts. But 'Poleon's delay, brief as it had been, bore tragic consequences; had he been a moment or two earlier he might have averted a catastrophe of far-reaching effect, one that had a bearing upon many lives.

The Gold Belt Saloon had enjoyed a profitable all-night patronage; less than an hour previously Morris Best had rounded up the last of his gay song-birds and put an end to their carnival. The poker game, however, was still in progress at the big round table. Already numerous early risers were hurrying in to fortify themselves against the raw day just breaking, and among these last named, by some evil whim of fate, chanced to be the man for whom Sam Kirby had so patiently waited. The fellow had not come seeking trouble—no one who knew the one-armed gambler's reputation sought trouble with him—but learning that Kirby was still awake and in a dangerous mood, he had entered the Gold Belt determined to protect himself in case of eventualities.

Doret was but a few seconds behind the man, but those few seconds were fateful. As the pilot stepped into the saloon he beheld a sight that was enough to freeze him motionless. The big kerosene lamps, swung from the rafter braces above, shed over the interior a peculiar sickly radiance, yellowed now by reason of the pale morning light

outside. Beneath one of the lamps a tableau was set. Sam Kirby and the man he had struck the night before were facing each other in the centre of the room, and Doret heard the gambler cry:

"I've been laying for you!"

Kirby's usually impassive face was a sight; it was fearfully contorted; it was the countenance of a maniac. His words were loud and uncannily distinct, and the sound of them had brought a breathless hush over the place. At the moment

of Doret's entrance the occupants of the saloon seemed petrified, they stood rooted in their tracks as if the anger in that menacing voice had halted them in mid-action. Poleon, too, turned cold, for it seemed to him that he had opened the door upon a room full of wax figures posed in theatric postures. Then in the flash of an eye the scene dissolved into action, swift and terrifying.

(To be continued in our next number—
June 15, 1918.)

ESPERANTO NOTES.

A copy of Mr. Maurice Hyde's new text-book, "The Esperanto Guide," has been accepted by Her Excellency Lady Stanley, wife of the Governor of Victoria.

Another instance of Esperanto coming to the rescue in a grave language difficulty. The Roumanian Government commissioned one of its engineers to inspect some famous water works in a foreign country; even in these days the Roumanian leaders apparently have time to think of the future development of their country. Difference of language at once threatens to cause a deadlock; but the engineer speaks Esperanto, and so does a member of the water works staff; and the difficulty is solved.

France-Esperanto reports a steady growth of interest in Esperanto during the past year. The Town Council of Narbonne granted a subvention to the local Esperanto group to assist in the propagation of the language. In Lyons the progress has been especially good. The Socialist federations of Dordogne and the Rhone—be it remembered that the Socialists are many and powerful in France—formally expressed the desire that Esperanto should be officially recognised at the first international conference which takes place. In Paris, the Central Office of Esperanto has rendered much assistance to numerous foreign Esperantists passing through the city. M. Laval, professor at the Rochefort Lyceum, in an eloquent address, urged the claims of Esperanto, and a new class of forty-five students was at once formed.

A recantation of an unfavourable judgment upon Esperanto is contained in the last number of *The Socialist Review*. For some months a discussion on the practicability of such a language had taken place in the Review, and Paul Dix,

who had strongly opposed the idea, after an opportunity of quietly studying the language for himself, comes to the conclusion that he has made a mistake, and honourably recants. "The basis of Esperanto," he says, "is just common sense."

A French translation of an excellent brochure issued by the British Esperanto Association, *The Modern Humanity*, setting out the claims of Esperanto to be for the elementary school what Latin and Greek are for the college and university, has been issued in Paris. The spread of Esperanto among educationists in England and Scotland has caused the leaders of the movement in France to again direct their attention to propaganda in educational circles. For many years Esperanto had been taught in various French schools, but in war time it was apt to be lost sight of. However, having before them the experiments at Eccles in Lancashire and in certain schools in Brazil and the United States, where it was shown that Esperanto could be successfully taught to elementary school children in one school year, the French Esperantists are arranging similar demonstrations in schools in France, and by this time the classes will doubtless have been begun.

Readers of STEAD'S REVIEW interested in Esperanto should communicate with the nearest Esperanto society. The following are the addresses of the secretaries:—Box 731, P.O., Elizabeth Street, Melbourne; Miss A. Lusby, 223 Stanmore Road, Stanmore, Sydney; Mr. W. L. Waterman, Torrens Road, Kilkenny, Adelaide; Mr. C. Kidd, O'Mara Street, Lutwyche, Brisbane; Mr. T. Burt, Stott's College, Perth; Mr. D. Guilbert, 7 Glen Street, Hobart; Mr. W. L. Edmanson, 156 Lambton Quay, Wellington, N.Z.

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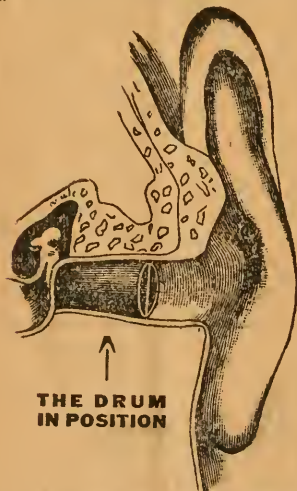
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EFFICIENCY.

THE STORY OF EMERSON.

The Emerson definition of Efficiency is "the elimination of all needless wastes, in material, in labour, and in equipment, so as to reduce costs, increase profits, and raise wages."

Efficiency began—when? Only a few years ago, in its present form. In 1900 it had no name and the *Engineering Magazine* christened it "production engineering." Several years later Emerson fixed upon the word "Efficiency" as being better fitted to describe the new ideas:—

In its larger sense, of course, Efficiency is nothing less than the scientific spirit in its latest manifestation. Efficiency really began when some ancient Egyptian or Assyrian first applied geometry to the problems of our globe.

Whoever first made fire and cooking and clothes and flour and leather and houses—every one of these unknown pathfinders did his share in pushing the race upwards. All of these men, and hundreds of others, gave us the material foundation upon which we are now preparing to erect our structure of Efficiency.

The next great step, in the progress of civilisation, is to apply these victorious principles of Efficiency to MAN HIMSELF. We are about to study men. "We are to develop the NEW WORKER, who is not to be a cog nor a wage-serf, but rather an Architect of Labour. We are to unite Labour and Capital and the Public by adopting methods that serve the interests of all; and by developing the personality of the worker as well as the productiveness of the plant.

Efficiency is not a new name for an old truth, so far as it relates to industry and to individual success. It is an absolutely new point of view in the business world.

It is not Expert Accounting, for the reason that accounting deals only with records and not with methods.

It is not Economy, for the reason that mere saving is often the most suicidal of all business policies.

It is not Energy, for the reason that misdirected energy is the most universal of all industrial wastes.

It is not Slave-driving, for the reason that one of its main benefits is to elevate and profit the wage-workers, not to degrade or oppress them.

And it is not System, for the reason that the most useless and wasteful actions can be done in the most systematic way. There can easily be too much system, but there can never be too much Efficiency.

Efficiency means more *net*. This little word of three letters—*n-e-t*, has in recent years become the most important word in the vocabulary of business.

It is the *net* that decides whether or not we are winning or losing, in the game of business. Gross receipts may pile up as high as a mountain, and yet at the end of the year there may be no residue of profit. It is not volume of business that makes *net*. Neither is it system nor energy nor resources. It is all these, *plus efficiency*.

Consequently, there is no other subject, just at the present crisis in our industrial evolution, that is attracting such keen interest as Efficiency. Hundreds of thousands of dollars are being spent by railroads and other corporations in the United States to cut down the wastes and losses that arise from slipshod management. Cities and even States have employed experts to teach them the methods of Efficiency; and even the Federal Government has a President's Commission on Economy and Efficiency under the supervision of Dr. Frederick A. Cleveland.

Emerson was not, of course, the inventor or discoverer, of the Efficient Life. He was not a Columbus, enlarging the known world by bringing to view a new continent. He was one of a notable band of pioneers.

But Emerson has been, from the first, much more than a pioneer. He is much more than a compiler of industrial data. He is at all times a guide over the whole field and not merely a local investigator. He appreciates the work of others with a generosity that is seldom found in pioneers. He has come to be generally regarded as the one man who can best

represent his fellow experts, and who, therefore, can tell the story of Efficiency in the most helpful and comprehensive way.

For at least three very good reasons. Mr. Emerson may be regarded as the central figure of the new Efficiency Movement:—

1. He was the first to compel the attention of the nation to the subject of eliminating industrial waste.

2. He was the first to try out the principles of Efficiency by applying them to the greatest variety of industries and professions.

3. He has been the most tireless trainer of young men and counsellor of experts, being the only member of the original Efficiency group who was fortunate enough to have had both an engineering and a pedagogic education.

As to the improvements that Emerson has made in various plants, many of them are well known in the world of manufacturing. In a large railroad shop wages were increased 14 per cent., costs were reduced 36 per cent., and the output was moved up 57 per cent. A Canadian engine-plant made five complete units a week, instead of three, without more men or more machinery.

Emerson has handled union and non-union shops alike, without any opposition from employees. "The workmen," he says, "give me less trouble than anything else." He has always maintained that no improvement can be made permanent unless it helps the men as well as the corporation. He meets the men fairly and respects their point of view until he cancels their spirit of suspicion and hostility. "When that man Emerson gets busy in a factory," said a railroad foreman, "he changes the men from half-hearted loafers into active, honest, self-respecting men, who take an intense interest in their work."

In 1900 Mr. Emerson moved his headquarters to New York City and took up the work of standard practice and efficiency engineering as applied to industrial plants and transportation enterprises.

The first factory which came under his influence as an efficiency engineer was that of a glass company. This was a simple, one-product plant, which had grappled with the new problem of making wire glass. Emerson was made prac-

tically the dictator of this factory, and had, for the first time, full swing in the application of his new principles. The results were electrical. At the end of the first half-year, a monthly loss of 3000 dollars was converted into a monthly profit of 10,000 dollars.

This success decided the trend of his career. He was amazed to find out how great were the wastes and the losses, and how easily and quickly they could be overcome. Here, in a few months, he had achieved the impossible. He had raised both profits and wages and lowered costs.

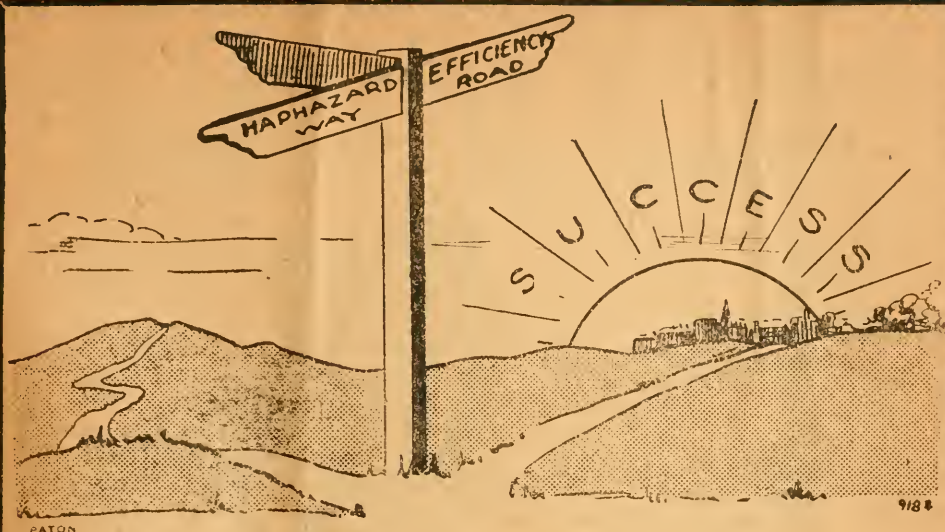
Mr. Emerson opened a consulting office in New York City, so that he would be able to handle a number of corporations at the same time. He has since worked in over 200 different plants, many of them the largest of their kind in the world. His staff of assistants varies from thirty to fifty, and his company is practically a great training school or university of Efficiency.

Harrington Emerson is by nature a pioneer. He is more in love with the future than the present. He is concerned with the battle of life, but not at all with the victories and the rewards. He is still a lonely figure in the midst of a multitude that throngs about him to do him honour.

If I may, with a word or two, indicate Mr. Emerson's present line of investigation, I would describe it as a swing from methods to men. Instead of applying machinery to raw material, he is rather trying to introduce *personality* into the whole task of production. His new word is *aptitude*. His new thought is that the most important of all machines is man himself. The man and the job must fit. There must be the right man for the work, as well as the right tool and the right raw material. He is still bent upon the elimination of waste, but to-day it is not so much the waste of power or machinery or materials; it is the waste of *time by men*.

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Next month's article will tell about "How an Efficiency Engineer Goes to Work."



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